The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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Published weekly and copyrighted, 1936, in the United States, by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. United States: $5.00; Canada: $5.50; Foreign: $6.00. Single Copies: $.10.

VOLUME XXIII | Friday, April 17, 1936 | NUMBER 25

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

THERE came from Vatican City a few days ago a three-line Associated Press dispatch which ran as follows: "Pope Pius, in an audience to ninety German pilgrims today, assured them: 'I am with you to the end.'" It appeared in the newspapers on a day when screaming headlines were proclaiming the sort of news that today is woefully characteristic of a world in torment. War news from Africa: bombs crashing from airplanes; poison gas suffocating women and children. More fighting on the Mongolian frontier, and Russia and Japan glaring at each other as mighty armies and navies and fleets of bombers gather under the opposing banners of Bolshevism and of the Emperor who is worshiped as a divine being in Japan. War shadows over Europe: as Germany, France, Russia, Belgium, Austria, England, Poland and all the nations rush their military and naval preparations, so that the basic industry of the world seems to be the armament trades. Meanwhile, side by side with the reports of the military plans, appear the dispatches chronicling the desperate, almost despairing efforts of the diplomats to avert the threatened disaster. And because the law of brutal might has been resorted to by so many of the nations in contempt of the laws of moral right, deep distrust and mutual suspicions keep the nations divided instead of being united in honor and truth, in spite of all the conferences, and pacts, and treaties of the statesmen and diplomats. And in addition to all these evidences of the menace of the final disaster which war would mean to human society, there are scores of other signs and proofs of the moral and spiritual disorder of the times recorded in the same issues of the newspapers which published the twenty-word message from the Pope. The aftermath of the Hauptmann execution: that appalling revelation of the extent to which the processes of American justice may be perverted

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by sensational journalism and notoriety-seeking politicians. The Luciano case: a gangster employing a small army of gunmen and a big staff of lawyers, with unlimited funds at his command, to fight the law of two states and of the federal government.

This distressing catalog might be indefinitely extended—particularly into the field of the economic crisis which is so inseparably part and parcel of the war situation, and connected also with the moral disorder of the world because at bottom the economic miseries of humanity are caused far more by neglect or repudiation of moral principles than by material causes. And it is in this sector of humanity's struggle to win its way through the difficulties of its position that, to our mind, there is a light of hope, and faith, shining through the brief message from the Holy Father, like the radiance of Easter, full of consolation for Christians, courageously loyal to the King of Victory.

"I am with you to the end," the Pope assured the pilgrims from Germany, representatives of the millions of Catholics who, like their Protestant and Jewish fellow Germans, are meeting the relentless grinding force of a persecution of all religions which place God above any government, and will not substitute the service of a racial Caesarism for the service of Christ. And if the Pope so spoke to his German children, his words were meant also for his persecuted children in Mexico, and Russia, and Spain. And we may be certain as well that they were meant also for his children everywhere else in the world who, whether or not they are being actively persecuted, are suffering because modern paganism and anti-moral secularism have disrupted the true order of life, and have poisoned the moral atmosphere of all human society. Therefore, as it seems to us, the papal message serves to recall the great promise made by Christ, Whose Vicar now reechos it: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. . . ." And there comes to mind also the words to Peter, who today is Pius XI: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against you."

For the words of the Pope, "I am with you to the end," are the words of the Church, and the Church is the Body of Christ on earth, and the "end" of which the Holy Father speaks is not a word of frustration, or of gloom, it is a word of victory. The "end" of the history of all humanity —and the "end" of any and every human individual—is not a temporal death: it is a spiritual conclusion of a divine purpose. And no condition of human misery and trouble and confusion—no "crisis" in human history, however severe—is the "end" of things for the Church, and the Head of the Church, or the ending of the work of that Church. For the mind of the Church preserves the memories of many a night of disaster for mankind, each followed by a new day of light, and of Christian progress; and the crisis of this age is but one more chapter of a story the plot of which is unknown, and the future development of which is unpredictable, but of which the end—in victory for the Church, and final success for the mission given it by God—is certain, and already assured.

Such stumbling expressions of the glorious truth that shines from the Church, enkindled in it, and kept alive, by the true Light of the World, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, seems not inappropriate to be uttered, however feebly, in this journal in connection with the gathering in this city of the National Catholic Educational Association. Second only to its supreme task of dispensing the sacraments of Christ, is the Church's work of education. Its enemies well know that fact. Hence the ceaseless (yet always eventually unsuccessful) efforts on their part to destroy that work, as in Russia, Mexico, Spain and elsewhere; and also the less drastic, less openly malicious, yet persistent attempts wholly to secularize all education in other countries, our own among them. Next only to the altar, the school is the greatest instrument of Christianity. If the Christian school may be weakened gradually, or wholly banished, the service of the altar must inevitably suffer, must surely lose its ministers as well as the faithful flocks led there by their shepherds to feed upon the Bread of Life. Therefore, no matter how grave the difficulties, or how serious may be the universal crisis of society—indeed, just because of those circumstances—the leaders of the Church, and their consecrated followers, the teachers of Christian truth and culture, gather together to carry on, fully confident that the final victory is assured. And to them must come the full, inner meaning of the Holy Father's message—the human repetition of the Divine pledge: "I am with you to the end."

Week by Week

UNDOUBTEDLY the phenomenon of the week is the growing certainty of Mr. Roosevelt's strength as a candidate for reelection. A few months ago one could almost hear the tide moving away from the New Deal, so marked was the impression that numerous experiments had led to a hopeless impasse. The essential dissatisfaction was, it seems, less with "planned government" as such than with the evidence to show that the planning hadn't actually been planned. Like a certain unforgettable dusky heroine, the federal administration had grown into a corpus of many angles. At all events, rampant Republican opposition to the "planning"

The Trend of Events

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in itself would seem to be limited to a mere minority. Every test of public opinion reveals the same truth—that the G.O.P. electorate wants to support no stand-patter of ancient vintage, preferring the open-mindedness of favorite moderates so markedly that there is no mistaking the decision made. Therefore the attack is being launched, and pretty cleverly in the main, on the weak spots in the record. The Supreme Court gratuitously removed most of these. But enough remain to lend point to conservative talk, which profoundly distrusts the Washington of today and has in addition other reasons for opposition. It is still bound to be an interesting, dramatic debate, perhaps a critical one. So far the medal for constructive thinking remains pinned to the Roosevelt breast, and the rising barometer of business activity proves that this thinking cannot have been altogether wrong. Magnificent, indeed, would be some impressive advocacy by opponents of practical remedies for unemployment, for the depredations carried out under cover of the spoils system, and for the obvious inadequacies of the present farm relief policy. The lawful claimant to that splendor has yet to make himself known. It is significant that the best copy to date continues to be Mr. Borah's.

Justice in Retrospect

CONCERNING recent developments in the Hauptmann case—as well as numerous rumors that circulated among clergy and laity alike during recent months—there has been little enough to say. The basic law assures to an accused person the right of a trial by his peers, and the further right to ask a higher court to review the proceedings. Both were granted, and in addition the prisoner was accorded support of a kind rarely given to convicted men. Unless one is to believe that the ordinary officers of justions carried out under cover of the spoils sysefficient, one can hardly feel that Hauptmann was denied any privilege accorded in this country by the law. And yet? Are the very many reasonable people (we ourselves are not among them) who hold that the evidence was too faulty to justify capital punishment, and who in addition were profoundly moved by the final statements of the prisoner, to be altogether satisfied with the kind of trial given? This is a grave question, because justice is never merely perfunctory or mechanical. It lives if at all in the hearts of men; and the sole valid reason for bothering about the execution of a human being is that thereby the deeper, tragic meaning of that justice be revealed. We are afraid from our point of view that the chief result of the whole case has been the fostering of passion and the dissemination of doubt. Race and class feeling was deepened in the whole area bordering on New York. Anti-Semitism oddly enough found its way into the picture in a guise of the most deplorable kind. And in New York the *World-Telegram* allowed its headline writer to declare on Saturday's front-page that the "Hun" Hauptmann had paid the price. The press has a good deal of blood on its hands already. We can only suppose that the editors who permitted that statement to pass were either very drunk or very crazy.

Miss Perkins's Ancestry

SOME indication of what the next months may bring to light is given by the necessity in which Miss Frances Perkins found herself of denying that she is a Jewess. The rumor, abetted no doubt by the somewhat Semitic cast of feature adjudged to be present in photographs of the Secretary of Labor, is very widespread. We ourselves have heard it in half a dozen states. In a published letter Miss Perkins lays claim to being about as pure Nordic and Plymouth Rock as could be; and though a strain of Jewish blood might somehow have filtered into the supply of Perkins-Otis-Kendall-Beane-Patch, etc., etc., corpuscles, it must by this time feel as out of place as a jigger of bourbon in some cocktails we have known. The shocking thing is that such a rumor and such a rebuttal should have been needed at all. There are groups in this country for whom any taint of "liberalism" is now a racial or a group blemish. There are persons who do not conceal their enjoyment of the plight in which liberals in other countries find themselves as a consequence of the establishment of dictatorial governments. There are, finally, those who feel that administration by themselves of similar remedies in this country would be all to the good. In these circles any mention by name of a progressive Catholic draws down a shower of choice anathemas. It would help a good deal, this clear presentation of Miss Perkins's family tree, if the befuddled gentry who started the rumor were capable of believing the refutation. But they are not. For the faithful of this creed still hold that Mussolini has saved Italy, that Hitler is all right when you know him, and that the suppression of minorities is what the minorities have coming.

Art and Education

THE PRESENT education number becomingly stars, we think, one of those rare and excellent papers in which Miss Cather speaks her mind concerning the literary art. For what were schooling if it destroyed the instinctive urge of the human intelligence to "submit the shadows of things to the desires of the mind"? In the domain of religious education particularly it is imperative that the approach to God as Eternal Beauty, discernible faintly as Saint Francis saw through the radiance attendant

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upon created things, should not be closed. Some of the greatest writers in English lived and wrote to keep that highway open to the mind. And surely we ought to be at least as careful as they were—and careful above all not to confuse Divine realities with tawdry and sentimental (there are more terrible and more just adjectives) representations of spiritual truths. Why should not the excellent productions of Beuron, Maria Laach and Ars Sacra, to mention only a few, be very widely distributed? For adults the point is as important as it is for schools. Such a little book as "Our Lady in Art," consisting of reproductions of famous Madonnas selected and described by Monsignor David T. O'Dwyer, and published at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, might well be the theme for numerous meditations. It would lead to a deeper perception of the glory that lies in and behind our earth; and through being a modest servant to the understanding of great art it can also be the handmaiden of her who is the Mother of all Light and Love. For art is like faith at least in this respect: it cannot be seized in quantity, by the scruff of the neck as it were, but comes to those who wait in silence and a measure of obedience.

Little Men

WE HAVE been inclined to scout the claim that modern youth is especially realistic compared to the young mariners who followed the gleam in other days. Now we are not so sure. The results of the questionnaire on desirable jobs submitted to the members of the New York Boys' Club might very easily count in favor of the hard-boiled theory. It is not so much the choices made by this contingent of tomorrow's citizens which seem to follow a grave practical sense unperturbed by romantic idealism, as what they added by way of explanation and comment. Thus top man on the list was Mr. Robert Ripley, the famous purveyor of incredible facts. It is in full harmony with the tradition that makes strangeness so dear to youth in circuses and Wild West shows, for the youngsters to choose Mr. Ripley because "he meets interesting people and freaks"; but when they add, "He is so busy with his radio talks, his drawings and his trips that he doesn't have time to get into trouble," one must recognize definitely that a new note has been struck. Next in order were Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Mr. James Cagney (in virtue of his "real he-man" rôles) and Mr. "Dizzy" Dean—again conventional choices by boy standards; but the worldly sagacity of these fledglings speedily shows again in the choice of the job of Commissioner Valentine, "a policeman, only he gets good pay." Most strikingly of all, perhaps, the President follows after Mr. Jack Dempsey, with these singularly illusionless comments on the country's highest honor: "only sure of the job for four years" and "too tough—you have to please everybody." Admiral Byrd, Captain Rickenbacker and Colonel Lindbergh got scattered votes—evidently their following is not large, though the newspapers printed no comments on what is surely a strange defection. Whereto all this unseasonably mature practicality tends, we do not know. Will these youngsters, as men, all keep out of trouble and earn a safe $50,000 a year apiece? Or will they come into the heritage of troubling vision later, when perhaps they will find it more upsetting? At any rate, one is thankful to note that the names of Dillinger and Diamond are absent from the list.

Crime and Trial

AT A RECENT criminal trial which was widely reported in the press of the country, we had the misfortune to participate in a small, and we trust innocent, degree. Reporters almost crowded the usual throng of curiosity lookers-on out of the seats back of the rail which divides those in the court room for professional reasons, from those there for presumably minor reasons. Flanking both sides of the judge's bench and the row of seats where the defendant and counsel for the trial sat, were tables with "sob-sisters" busy studying details of the defendant's expression as salient features of the case were brought out first by one side and then by the other. Newspaper artists sketched away, limning everything in sight. Photographers flashed their bulbs and clicked their big cameras every time there was a recess; and telegraph boys ran in and out—in empty handed, and out with "hot copy" to file for the edification of the rest of the country. The general atmosphere of the whole thing was a cross between the fantastic, the sordid, and the unpleasant business that had to be carried through with grim necessitousness. A friend of the prosecution sat beside the present writer, and suggested that rather than too many people being present, too few were there. "Would you prefer Nazi star-chamber proceedings?" was the argument, framed in the Socratic manner. Amplification of the argument, during a recess, was that if everyone, college students anyway, attended at least one major criminal trial and one major civil case, there would be a great deal better informed public opinion as to the difficulties and the necessities of law enforcement. As it is, public opinion fed through the erratic refractions of the working press of all colors, is about as hazy about what crime and law enforcement are, as about what charity is. And the practical lessons to be learned in criminal and civil court, of what the wages of sin are, the dangers of keeping bad company, and the wastings of futile contentiousness, might be salutary.

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ESCAPISM

A Letter from Willa Cather

MY DEAR Mr. Williams:
You were asking me what I thought about a new term in criticism: the Art of "Escape." Isn't the phrase tautological? What has art ever been but escape? To be sure, this definition is for the moment used in a derogatory sense, implying an evasion of duty, something like the behavior of a poltroon. When the world is in a bad way, we are told, it is the business of the composer and the poet to devote himself to propaganda and fan the flames of indignation.

But the world has a habit of being in a bad way from time to time, and art has never contributed anything to help matters—except escape. Hundreds of years ago, before European civilization had touched this continent, the Indian women in the old rock-perched pueblos of the Southwest were painting geometrical patterns on the jars in which they carried water up from the streams. Why did they take the trouble? These people lived under the perpetual threat of drought and famine; they often shaped their graceful cooking pots when they had nothing to cook in them. Anyone who looks over a collection of pre-historic Indian pottery dug up from old burial-mounds knows at once that the potters experimented with form and color to gratify something that had no concern with food and shelter. The major arts (poetry, painting, architecture, sculpture, music) have a pedigree all their own. They did not come into being as a means of increasing the game supply or promoting tribal security. They sprang from an unaccountable predilection of the one unaccountable thing in man.

At the moment, we hear the same cry which went up during the French Revolution: the one really important thing for every individual is his citizenship, his loyalty to a cause — which, of course, always means his loyalty to a party. The composer should be Citizen Beethoven, the painter Citizen Rembrandt, the poet Citizen Shelley, and they should step into line and speed their pen or brush in helping to solve the economic problems which confront society. There have been generous and bold spirits among the artists: Courbet tried to kick down the Vendôme Column and got himself exiled, Citizen Shelley stepped into line and drove his pen—but he was not very useful to the reforms which fired his imagination. He was "useful" if you like that word, only as all true poets are, because they refresh and recharge the spirit of those who can read their language.

"Face the stern realities, you skulking Escapist!" the Radical editor cries. Yes, but usually the poor Escapist has so little cleverness when he struggles with stern realities. Schubert could easily write a dozen songs a day, but he couldn't keep himself in shirts. Suppose the Radical editor, or the head of the Works Project, had to write a dozen songs a day? I can't believe that if Tolstoi and Goethe and Viollet-le-Duc and Descartes and Sir Isaac Newton were brought together and induced to work with a will, their opinions, voiced in their various special languages and formulae, would materially help Mayor La Guardia to better living conditions in New York City. Nearly all the Escapists in the long past have managed their own budget and their social relations so unsuccessfully that I wouldn't want them for my landlords, or my bankers, or my neighbors. They were valuable, like powerful stimulants, only when they were left out of the social and industrial routine which goes on every day all over the world. Industrial life has to work out its own problems.

Give the people a new word, and they think they have a new fact. The pretentious-sounding noun, Escapist, isn't even new. Just now, it is applied to writers with more acrimony than to composers or sculptors. Since poets and novelists do not speak in symbols or a special language, but in the plain speech which all men use and all men may, after some fashion, read, they are told that their first concern should be to cry out against social injustice. This, of course, writers have always done. The Hebrew prophets and the Greek dramatists went much deeper; they considered the greed and selfishness innate in every individual; the valor which leads to power, and the tyranny which power begets. They even cried out against the seeming original injustice that creatures so splendidly aspiring should be inexorably doomed to fail; the unfairness of the contest in which beings whose realest life is in thought or endeavor are kept always under the shackles of their physical body, and are, as Ulysses said, "the slaves of the belly." Since no patriarchal family was without its hatreds and jealousies and treacheries, the old poets could not see how a great number of families brought together into a State could be much better. This seems to be the writer's natural way of looking at the suffering of the world. Seventy-five years ago Dostoievsky was the idol of the Revolutionary party; but who could now consider his novels propaganda? Certainly they are very un-

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like the product of the young man who goes to spend a year in a factory town and writes a novel on the abuses of factory labor.

Why does the man who wants to reform industrial conditions so seldom follow the method of the pamphleteers? Only by that method can these subjects be seriously and fairly discussed. And the people who are able to do anything toward improving such conditions will read only such a discussion: they will take little account of facts presented in a coating of stock cinema situations.

Why do the propagandists use a vehicle which they consider rickety and obsolete, to convey a message which they believe all-important? When I first lived in New York and was working on the editorial staff of a magazine, I became disillusioned about social workers and reformers. So many of them, when they brought in an article on fire-trap tenements or sweat-shop labor, apologetically explained that they were making these investigations "to collect material for fiction." I couldn't believe that any honest welfare worker, or any honest novelist, went to work in this way. The man who wants to get reforms put through does his investigating in a very different spirit, and the man who has a true vocation for imaginative writing doesn't have to go hunting among the ash cans on Sullivan Street for his material. There were exceptions to these double-purposed, faltering soldiers of good causes—and the exceptions were splendid. The exceptions nearly always are. And their exceptionalness, oftener than not, comes not only from a superior endowment, but from a deeper purpose, and a willingness to pay the cost instead of being paid for it.

But doesn't the new social restlessness spring from a desire to do away with the exceptional? And isn't this desire partly the result of thwarted ambitions? Eighteen or twenty years ago there were graduated from our universities a company of unusually promising men, who were also extravagantly ambitious. The world was changing, and they meant to play a conspicuous part in this change: to make a new kind of thought and a new kind of expression; in language, color, form, sound. They were to bring about a renaissance within a decade or so. Failing in this, they made a career of destroying the past. The only new thing they offered us was contempt for the old. Then began the flood of belittling biography which has poured over us ever since. We were told how shallow had been all the great philosophers, what educated dullards were Goethe, Rousseau, Spinoza, Pascal. Shakespeare and Dante were easily disposed of; the one because he was somebody else, the other because he was a cryptogram and did not at all mean to say what the greatest lines in the Italian language make him say. Able research work was done on the bodily diseases and physical imperfections of Beethoven, Schubert, Hugo Wolff and all the German composers. Not even their teeth were overlooked.

Is this a natural, unprejudiced way to study history? What does it lead to? Nothing very worthy. And what it comes from is less worthy still.

Some of these iconoclasts and tomb-breakers were undoubtedly sincere. They attacked the old popular heroes in a spirit of dreary hopelessness rather than with a disgust bred of the chagrin from disappointed ambitions. The false past must be destroyed, they said, before the new and the true can be born.

Not at all: spare yourselves that disagreeable duty. Give us a new work of genius of any kind, and if it is alive, and fired with some more vital feeling than contempt, you will see how automatically the old and false makes itself air before the new and true.

The revolt against individualism naturally calls artists severely to account, because the artist is of all men the most individual: those who were not have been long forgotten. The condition every art requires is, not so much freedom from restriction, as freedom from adulteration and from the intrusion of foreign matter; considerations and purposes which have nothing to do with spontaneous invention. The great body of Russian literature was produced when the censorship was at its strictest. The art of Italy flowered when the painters were confined almost entirely to religious subjects. In the great age of Gothic architecture sculptors and stone-cutters told the same stories (with infinite variety and fresh invention) over and over, on the faces of all the cathedrals and churches of Europe. How many clumsy experiments in government, futile revolutions and reforms, those buildings have looked down upon without losing a shadow of their dignity and power—of their importance. Religion and art spring from the same root and are close kin. Economics and art are strangers.

The literary radicals tell us there must be a new kind of poetry. There will be, whenever there is a new poet—a genuine one. The thesis that no one can ever write a noble sonnet on a noble theme without repeating Wordsworth, or a mysteriously lovely lyric without repeating Shelley, is an evasion. As well argue that because so many thumb-prints have already been taken, there must be a new method of identification. No fine poet can ever write like another. His poetry is simply his individuality. And the themes of true poetry, of great poetry, will be the same until all the values of human life have changed and all the strongest emotional responses have become

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different—which can hardly occur until the physical body itself has fundamentally changed.

So far, the effort to make a new kind of poetry, "pure poetry," which eschews (or renounces) the old themes as shop-worn, and confines itself to regarding the grey of a wet oyster shell against the sand of a wet beach through a drizzle of rain, has not produced anything very memorable: not even when the workmanship was good and when a beat in the measure was unexpectedly dropped here and there with what one of the poet's admirers calls a "heart-breaking effect." Certainly the last thing such poetry should attempt is to do any heart breaking.

Now, my dear Mr. Williams, I have already said much too much about a fleeting fashion which perhaps is not to be taken seriously at all. As Mary Colum remarked in the *Yale Review:* "The people who talk about the art of escape simply know nothing about art at all." *At all,* I echo!

Sincerely yours,
WILLA CATHER.

Going Starring

The maples show red buds beyond the bars,
It's time now to be going after stars.
The sun is still a quarter up from setting,
But there are bound to be stars for the getting.

You go out through the pines into the clear
Through the gentle first heat of the year.
New spears of grass are showing by the bog,
There are lichen goblets on a log
With red wine in them. Moss has spread out rugs
Green with April's cleanings. There are jugs
Filling in the water as you go
Where the bullfrogs sit and suffer so
For love, their voices go down very deep.
There are little brooks for you to leap,
Clean as the snow they were before the sun
Got high enough to make the snowdrifts run,
They will be gone tomorrow and the gems
They stitch around the maple leaves' dead stems.
You find a boxberry by a rotten stump,
You are warm, your heart begins to thump,
The soil below the dead limbs has the dust
Of silver stars sown through it, and you must
Be near the place, for mica is a sign.
Three puff-balls sit there in a line,
And when your foot comes near them too abrupt,
They turn to small volcanoes and erupt.
No insect is awake enough to hum.
This is the place, for here the ledges come
Almost through the turf, and there's no ice
Beneath the turf to make a plant think twice
About his venturing out. You look around
Before you dare to look upon the ground;
Your neighbor may be up to what you're up to.
He's a man you'd give your Sunday cup to,
But this's a calf of a very different kink
To his tail. You look before you sink
Upon your knees to rummage where you know,
As well's you know your name, the waxed leaves show
Their clusters trailing close upon the sod.
There is a snowflake peeping from a pod,
Another and another, growing greater.
You remember how you were a traitor
To the owner who cut down the fir
Hereabouts. You said last night, "No, Sir,
I've never found a single one up there."
In love and this, though, everything is fair.
You follow up the trailing leaves through fern,
You feel your heart inside you start to burn.
You lift dead leaves and see what lies below.
There is your star, a cool star made of snow
That lay upon this hill and lately thawed,
A star to make a man believe in God.
Pink at its five waxed points and but a moon
Away from winter, smelling more than June,
A sweetness better than the evening breath
Of cows in clover time, sprung out of death,
Sprung out of winter first of all the flowers.
You go upon your knees two solid hours,
Following the stars and never knowing
How fast the reddening sun and time are going.
You clutch the stems of stars till they feel hot,
And all the grey hair on you is forgot,
It might be that a girl was still there waiting
Behind a door, and you were palpitating
With a basket hung with pink and white,
Going as a boy through May's first night,
You might be carrying mayflowers to her.
And suddenly you notice how the stir
Of the breeze is gone and things are dusky
And the wooing bullfrogs have grown husky.
You get upon your feet and rub your eyes
To see the other stars which are the sky's.

You turn and go the way back through the tingle
Of tiny sleigh bells night has set to jingle
In the dark swamp where the peepers call;
The years have closed around you like a wall.
You take your time to climb the pasture bars,
But your hand is full of clustered stars.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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REWRITING ENGLISH HISTORY

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Contending that a major literary phenomenon of the present is "the reestablishment of the story of England on a basis of truth," Mr. Belloc holds that the normal English historian has accepted and propagated a legend, that that cardinal principal of that legend was a fetichism of race, and that Lingard is the sole reliable chronicler of the past of his country. The point and its implications are made with sharp irony and with that zest for contentiousness which is one of the glories of the famous author.—The Editors.

THERE is in process today a literary movement of the highest interest: it is the rewriting of English history—the reestablishment of the story of England on a basis of *truth*.

At first sight it may seem that the interest of such a thing can only be local and provincial. England is but one district of Europe; she is today of less effect than she was thirty years ago, of far less effect than she was a lifetime ago, partly through the breakdown of her financial and industrial monopoly, partly through the attraction exercised over her by the transoceanic dominions and dependencies, more through the disappearance of her old invincible naval position.

To Americans in particular a matter merely English in character is remote. It must seem to them, at first sight, as though a right version of English history cannot be of any great moment to American readers. Such a view would be wrong. The new rewriting of English history is of *universal* interest, because it is the statement for the first time of how the disruption of Europe took place in the sixteenth century. That disruption was essentially due to the political action of the English government (nominally under Elizabeth, really under Cecil). It was not the act of the English people but unless the fate of England during the Reformation be understood the Reformation and the fate of all Europe will be misunderstood.

England was a nation built up on 1,000 years of the Faith—and even more. It only reluctantly and slowly lost the Faith, or rather had the Faith driven out from its boundaries by a small but determined clique who had seized power and who stood for the looters of church land.

On all these matters we have had for three hundred years in England a false official history holding the field; during the last hundred years this false official history has enjoyed a monopoly. Whoever reads any English historian from Burnet to Trevelyan, whoever reads Hume or Gibbon or Freeman or Stubbs or Froude or Bright or Green, is reading on the subject of England and Europe history steeped in anti-Catholicism and is reading in the particular case of England a form of historical falsehood which has become accepted.

There is in the long series of these historians one notable exception: the great Lingard. Lingard was the first man in England to base his work wholly on documentary evidence. But even Lingard was affected by the spirit around him. He wrote before the nature of the Roman Empire and its gradual transformation into modern Europe was fully understood. Moreover, while Lingard has been the storehouse to which later English historians have been compelled to turn for their supplies, there is a rigid boycott of him so far as mentioning his name and giving him his due is concerned. Even when his errors are copied, acknowledgment is withheld. For instance, the mistake of thinking that the name of the battlefield of Hastings was "Senlac" arose with Lingard. It was copied by Freeman without acknowledgment and today passes for a specially modern bit of history.

Outside of Lingard's pages, the whole mass of English historical writing is directed toward the belittling and misinterpreting of historical truth as to the religion of England and the culture which arose from that religion.

Here is an outline of what this official history of ours in England taught for so long and is still so largely teaching and repeating:

The English are what they are mainly through certain racial characteristics. Their religion and therefore their character is but the product of this racial force, and the English race is essentially German. The English people are descended from Germans who crossed the North Sea in boats during the fifth and sixth centuries, killed off or drove back the original Celtic inhabitants of Britain, destroyed the old cities and founded a new culture of their own. They were able to do this by the complete breakdown of the old imperial Roman culture of which Britain was but one province. The citizens of that culture had grown degenerate and were an easy prey to the manly and superior Germans from whom the present English are sprung.

The culture of these original Germans was expressed in a primitive religion of a noble character which later continued in Scandinavia, having as its chief gods deities specially suited to warriors: a head god called Woden or Odin, and a god representing the ideal of force and military valor called Thor. This religion and the primi-

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tive culture accompanying it were ousted and another religion called "Christianity" introduced, which last is still that of England. It teaches a vague doctrine of kindliness and mercy, but as to less important points it is divided into a number of sects on which it is better to agree to differ.

The Germanic English thus converted to "Christianity," partly by missionaries from Italy but more by monks from Ireland and western Scotland, gradually built up a national kingship the greatest name in which is that of Alfred, who died in the year 901. This English nation, called Anglo-Saxon, successfully resisted further invasions by Scandinavians and absorbed these invaders into the national structure, converting them in their turn to "Christianity." This mixture of Scandinavian blood was suitable enough, for the invading race was also Germanic. In the eleventh century the old Anglo-Saxon kingdom was conquered by the Duke of Normandy and his followers. These were, oddly enough, French-speaking, but none the less they had a certain Germanic nobility of character like the English whose government they had taken over, for they were themselves descended from the Scandinavian invaders of France who had unfortunately adopted the French language around them but retained much of their original racial virtue.

The Norman invaders and the Anglo-Saxon population soon merged and, a little more than a century after the Duke of Normandy's original victory, England was again a united nation, governed after a special fashion of its own by English kings and English nobles of much the same sort as have formed the English governing class ever since.

Unfortunately the now rehabilitated English people, for all their German origin and the virile virtues attaching thereto, had got caught, in spite of themselves, in a sort of net which is called "Medieval Christianity." This was a corruption of the "Christianity" of the first missionaries.

This degraded "Medieval Christianity" was marked by the corrupt development of a liturgical function called "The Mass." It was also marked by the very wealthy monastic institution and still more by the central power of yet another corruption called the Papacy, the seat of which was the town of Rome in Italy: something quite foreign to the English temper.

The English, finding themselves thus with a form of religion and church government most unsuited to them, protested against it. Their protest grew loud in the fourteenth century. In little more than a hundred years (at the beginning of the sixteenth century) they found the strain intolerable. They broke away from the degraded and corrupt religion. The monasteries were suppressed, the Mass was abolished, a simpler and purified form of religion based upon the earliest Christian practise ousted the old alien religion and England was at last herself with the power to express her native genius which had always been Protestant at heart.

This great revolution was begun by the patriotic and forceful King Henry, the eighth of that name, continued and accomplished by his glorious daughter Elizabeth who beat off invaders from without and destroyed traitors from within and all who desired to undermine the newly achieved independent national spirit. After Elizabeth's success, England became from, say, 1570 onward, a solid Protestant nation in which there lingered a wretched remnant of Catholics who died out in the succeeding century.

There remained one more great task for the English to accomplish, a task for which their renovated character and religion particularly suited them. This was to establish self-government and the supremacy of law over that arbitrary kingly power which was a relic of the old bad times before the Reformation.

The kings tried hard to maintain their irrational authority and the Stuart dynasty, James I and his son, Charles I, and Charles's two sons, Charles II and James II, continued (and failed in) their attempt against the natural Protestant freedom of the English people.

The crisis was fought out in the middle of the century, 1600-1700, when the English rose against the arbitrary rule of Charles I in 1642, conquered his armies and put him to death in 1649. The hero of this triumph was a typical bluff English farmer thoroughly representative of the English masses known as Oliver Cromwell. It was not the least of his exploits that he finally reduced the Catholic Irish whose incapacity for civilization had been a perpetual menace for generations. Cromwell reduced them to order under English rule, the benefits of which a perversity in their character forbade them to enjoy.

Till the last half of the seventeenth century, while the Stuart dynasty lingered on, the kings had been shorn of their power. The position was aggravated by the fact that Charles II sympathized with that thoroughly alien thing Catholicism, while his brother James II who succeeded him was an open and professed Catholic. The English people threw James II out, brought in a Protestant cousin of his to reign in his place, and henceforward were not governed by kings (whose position was now only titular and nominal) but by the freely elected representatives of the people in the national assembly called Parliament. . . .

There is the picture which was presented to educated England in all public schools and in the two universities. It is still the official version of our story, it is still the theme of our popular writers, such as Trevelyan, it still floods our press and fiction and stage—and it is grotesquely false.

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EDUCATED MOTHERS

By ONE OF THEM

NOW THAT my small son can teeter about the house on his own stumpy legs, I often wonder how he has survived thus far the ordeal of having an educated mother. Moreover, I look with compassion upon other young mothers and potential mothers whose education, which should have been a staff to lean upon, has become instead a log across their paths.

For my case is, in general, typical of that of a large group of university women who, setting out after commencement to impress and improve the world through their abilities, have presently found their normal feminine instincts too strong to be denied, and have thereupon loved, married, and established a family. I had gone through all the degrees of education, from the Bachelor of Arts at a leading non-Catholic college for women to the Doctor of Philosophy at an outstanding university. I had taught; had achieved a fairly ready market for such articles as I had time to write; and then, with some two hundred points and innumerable semester hours of higher education on my ledger, I had found myself with the rather incongruous burden of a six-pound bundle of wailing baby in my arms.

That—alas for all my learning—was my first experience in touching a human infant. Furthermore, I knew so little about caring for a child or even making a home for one that I did not begin to realize the innumerable details and difficulties involved in the task. My education, like that of most of my acquaintances, had been left largely to the schools. In the preparatory grades, the faculty advisers had counseled, as I know they still frequently do, that the courses in "domestic science" and "home nursing" were for girls who hadn't the brains for anything better. At college the intellectual and spiritual fare had been such as to breed career women, not mothers, and motherhood was caustically referred to as "populating the world."

Hence my poor young Robert found himself at birth with a bewildered parent whose utter awkwardness at handling him and satisfying his many needs made for the time being a mockery of her considerable learning. To be sure, before the hospitalization period was over, the doctor had elucidated for her a long list of knotty problems which she had written out; the nurse had demonstrated how to pin a diaper, how to hold and turn a baby, how to bathe and oil and clothe him, how to prepare a formula, and how to hold a bottle. But copied answers to questions and observation of a single demonstration cannot take the place of background, long acquaintance, or experience. Luckily, Robert cannot remember those hours after he was taken to his home. He cannot recall the struggles with that first diaper; or the way which his bottles of formula had of always getting too hot, in spite of clock-watching obedience to instructions; or the day on which his mother gazed at him in helpless desolation for three hours, until the busy doctor arrived to assure her that, regardless of what a very authoritative book said about his symptoms, all the unhappy youngster needed was an enema. Nor will Robert ever know how many times his daddy had to slip out for a meal because the details of caring for one small baby kept bulging out of their schedule and spreading all over his inexpert mother's twenty-four hours.

If I were not sociologically minded, it might be some consolation to know that I was not the sole example of educated maternal ignorance. For there are thousands of intellectual women just as badly prepared for motherhood and for all types of household duties. I know a university woman who fed her new-born on milk fresh from the refrigerator for two weeks because no one had realized the necessity of instructing her. I have heard a feminine M. A. suggest in all seriousness that something should be done about the eyes of a six-weeks-old baby because they crossed occasionally. I have known a learned mother to assure her guests, in defiance of ample evidence that came to their ears, that an infant of three weeks was not really crying because he was not shedding tears. Even a German student who had come here on an exchange scholarship from the land of the good hausfrau and stayed to marry one of her professors remarked to me: "Before my Elsa was born I had hardly ever seen an infant. My whole life had been centered in books. So I consulted several volumes on child care and had her vaccinated against everything imaginable, and still she's as thin as a match."

To these individual but unfortunately not unusual cases I may add the many, many young college graduates who, forced by the arrival of a child to give up their positions and devote themselves for the first time to home-making and its accompanying responsibilities, find themselves hopelessly out of place and inexpert, and plagued by the recurring thought their time and energy is being nibbled away by a thousand petty tasks which those respected beings who educated them would scarcely consider worthy of a Phi Beta Kappa. And to these I may add the many still

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more unfortunate young women who, not so much from innate selfishness as from obedience to the subtle and often subconscious indoctrinations of their college days, deprive themselves of the golden opportunity of motherhood because they feel that the talents God has given them can be otherwise better employed to the glory of their names and the good of the world.

The college alumna has learned, by indirection and by a natural if temporary hero-worship of her learned professors, that test-tube washing is more dignified than dish washing; that prying into municipal finances is more noble than balancing a household budget; that creating a play or a story is more useful to society and more worthy of honorable mention than creating a healthy and intelligent and right-minded youngster; and that only the mediocre and those not strong enough to resist the animal urge follow the example of the bourgeois herd by devoting their talents exclusively to the married life. Is it any wonder, then, that many of our most gifted women dally for years after commencement before marrying and having children; that many of them postpone, until it is too late, the begetting of a family, or allow themselves but one solitary offspring "for the sake of the experience"? Not without reason does Edith Wharton mourn the modern tendency to pursue university degrees instead of "the more complex art of civilized living."

Moreover, the younger sisters of my contemporaries are not being dealt with any more wisely than we were. A glance at the courses of study now current in the larger Eastern colleges will prove that. Several of them, to be sure, have optional work in home economics and child care, designed especially for those who want to teach these subjects or enter the field of institutional management; several have no mention of anything domestic; and we may search until our eyes give out for prescribed courses in the care of a home and children. Our largest college for women, while offering a great variety of courses in education, science and cultural subjects, lists in its catalog but a meager few courses in home economics, under a department whose name does not suggest their existence.

Like other alumnae publications, that of my alma mater is constantly glorifying the graduates who have succeeded as writers or actresses or lawyers or business executives, the women who have made names for themselves as individuals. Yet the statistics show that of the living alumnae of this institution in 1935, only 0.6 of 1 percent were engaged in dramatic and musical work as a paid occupation, 3.8 percent in laboratory work and scientific research, 5.9 percent in paid editorial and literary work, and 40.2 percent in teaching; and, compared with these figures, 50.5 percent of all the alumnae were or had been married, and they averaged slightly more than one child for each married alumna. The significance of these figures is threefold: (1) in spite of the thoroughly non-domestic emphasis of their education, many of the graduates of this institution deviate from their careers at least long enough to marry; (2) the married alumnae fall far short of having enough children to replace themselves and their husbands, to say nothing of replacing the unmarried moiety of their classes; (3) this institution, like many others, while dispensing "general culture" and special training in a few limited fields, is ignoring the probable future of a good majority of the students entrusted to it.

It will be pointed out, of course, that diaper-washing should be taught in the home. To be sure, the home is the traditional scene for learning the household arts; but traditions vanish with the times. Today the daughters of our middle and professional classes, while they are attending high or college preparatory schools, are permitted to make their after-school hours as "full" as possible by engaging in athletics, school dramatics, and social functions, or by pursuing more individual hobbies, while mother or the maid—or, occasionally, father—does the dishes. At college, these same girls learn all to often to look down upon the old fogys and the Babbitts who brought them into this world and the Main Streets in which their early days were set, and to admire instead the career women to whom their education has been committed. In such a scheme there is little opportunity for domestic training from mother.

It may also be pointed out that the mannishly patterned education bestowed on most college girls is supposed to make them self-reliant, able to face any emergency, and capable of finding from books or experts any information which new situations as they arise may demand. Unhappily, however, experts on infant care are inclined to be prohibitively expensive, and you must have considerable experience and background to distinguish the genuine from the quacks. As to child nurses, even a college alumna needs more than her general intelligence and the word of an employment agency to be able to determine their efficiency without first allowing them considerable experimentation upon the valuable progeny. As to books, I grant that most of the educated mothers I know have supplied themselves with the classics on the subject of child care, and that they are highly skilled in consulting them. They read between feedings. At the first flush of a rash, at every sneeze, they turn with pathetic confidence to the Indices. And what do they learn?

They find out, perchance, as I did when my young Robert was a howling mite, that the neonate is equipped with a vocal apparatus capable of stimulating an immediate response to his demands in the surrounding adults; that the infant's life is

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perpetually in the balance and every scream means he has swallowed a razor; that the best thing for babies is to let them cry themselves into exhaustion, granting, of course, that there are no neighbors within a half-mile radius; that you should start cod-liver oil when the baby is two weeks old; that you must not start cod-liver oil until the baby is six weeks old; that infants are very hardy; that every sniffle is the precursor of bronchitis or pneumonia; and that you must never listen to the inevitably outmoded advice of other women who have had babies—including neighbors, friends and relatives, and, especially, grandmothers. Finally these educated mothers come to the conclusion that there are occasions when Robert's insistent demands do not allow a scholarly investigation, comparison and weighing of the printed authorities, and that even the finest volume cannot take the place of the background, the training and the "feeling" for motherly tasks which they should have acquired long before Robert ever began to be.

Obviously, then, if the college retains its present control over the psychological development of our more privileged and more "gifted" young women, of the women who are likely to be publicized at some future date as models for the rest of the country's femininity, it must assume the responsibility for their acquiring somehow, somewhere, the essentials of the home sciences and arts, and especially of child care. Let us grant that the aim of the women's college should not be so much to train them for a specific vocation as to make them cultured, intelligent, and able to cope with the exigencies of civilized living in a highly mechanized age. Let us admit that it is laudable to develop the higher faculties of the female of the species and to apply them to the problems of the world. Yet it is high time that we admitted also that a sane and civilized country must be built, as even the Soviets are coming to see, on homes, homes with children in them and mothers to take care of them, that real home-making is a full-time, capacity-taxing job for the most intelligent of women, and that few homes are large enough for two uncoordinated careers. As a corollary, it is time to recognize that an institution in which many of the daughters and mothers of the nation spend four vitally formative adolescent years is scarcely doing its duty when it permits large numbers of them to come to maturity without a syllable of instruction in the field to which a majority of them will eventually devote a greater or less part of their adult lives.

It does not fall within the scope of this article to detail exactly how the women's colleges may bring about among their students a greater understanding and appreciation of the tasks of the home-maker and mother. Probably the simplest way would be by providing, along with the languages, the natural and physical sciences, the politics and the economics, a required course supervised by a woman who has combined successful experience in wifehood and motherhood with a thorough study of the field. Such a course might include (1) the principles of cooking, marketing, menu-planning and hospitality; (2) home furnishing and decoration; (3) the social, psychological and financial problems of modern marriage; (4) the use of leisure; (5) the selection, guidance and treatment of servants; (6) the clothing, feeding and tending of infants; (7) the care and training of children; (8) the psychological and social problems of parents. Here, certainly, is grist for a substantial series of lectures, laboratory hours and field trips, less vaporous than many of the courses to which feminine undergraduates are exposed, and covering material at least as necessary to the educated American woman of today as the ability to speak a foreign language, to write correct English, to understand politics, and to appreciate good music and good literature.

The advantages of prescribing such a course for all feminine undergraduates who cannot conclusively demonstrate that they have already learned elsewhere the fundamentals of caring for a home and children would be threefold; they would fall on society as a whole, on the generation yet unborn, and on the undergraduates themselves.

In the first place, if the study of home problems had a dignified place in the college curriculum, the intricate, demanding, and sociologically vital vocation of marriage would acquire a higher respect among educated women. There would then be less of a temptation among these women to regard the having of a husband and the begetting of a child or two as a mere avocation or hobby, subsidiary to their other interests, and a consequent lapse in the percentage of broken homes among our American upper classes. Let those apostles of eugenics who have long been preaching the curbing of reproduction among the unfit bend their efforts to broadcasting a corollary but more constructive gospel; let them teach the undergraduates at our women's colleges, who are presumably among the most "fit," that intelligent motherhood is a worth-while and absorbing life-work, and observe how the rate of marriage and reproduction among the alumnae will rise.

That the educated woman's child would be better off if she had a previous acquaintance with the skills requisite for child-rearing is too obvious to need detailing. Finally, the college woman herself would stand greater chances of happiness and self-fulfilment if she learned in her upper adolescent period to honor the domestic career. She would no longer feel constrained to live a man's life with a woman's physiological and emotional make-up. And she would still be entirely free and ready to enter a profession and have any other career than marriage if she so chose.

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SIMPLICITY IN EDUCATION

By CHARLES C. MILTNER

THOUGH universities in the United States are generally well-equipped and endowed, though one finds in them not a few scholars of outstanding merit, there is a feeling, frequently expressed, of dissatisfaction with their organization, their curricula, and with the results obtained. Not all critics are as severe as was Mr. Flexner, but it is significant that he as well as many others who are educators by profession have been moved to voice their complaints. Familiarity with recent educational literature leads one to believe that American university education is always ailing, that in spite of its many excellent qualities there is some serious defect which needs to be eliminated. The European public does not hear such persistent criticism of their universities. So some comparison is inevitable, and though it may be odious, it may also be helpful, and thus justified.

A French scholar, according to Professor Friedrich of Harvard, asserted that "les universités d'outre-mer n'ont pas d'esprit." Without being concerned here with the various shades of meaning which the French attach to the word *esprit*, we may take it roughly to mean what we understand by the term spirit in such phrases as "party spirit," or "missionary spirit," or "spirit of patriotism." It connotes a mental outlook upon some enterprise which results in a distinctive enthusiasm for its life and activity. It implies strong and settled convictions as to the genuine value of the enterprise, and so, necessarily, clear-cut conceptions of its end and purpose, and of certain essential procedures for the attainment of them. Only a certainty can generate enthusiasm, never a "perhaps." One can run joyfully on a road that leads off in some definite direction; there is no joy in running in circles.

Now, since the French critic assumed that European universities were not lacking in that spirit for which he belittled our own, what, we may ask, is lacking in such spirit as we have? It would seem to be beyond dispute that the only habitual disposition suitable to men devoted to intellectual pursuits is the spirit of inquiry and the spirit of research. For the one implies a felt hunger for truth, and the other the industry and zeal necessary to discover it. To accuse American universities without distinction of underestimating either the one or the other is surely an unfounded charge. Let us say then that this twofold spirit is active in the institutions of both continents—but differently. What is this difference? From several years of resident study on both sides of the Atlantic, I am convinced that what the European university possesses, and the American lacks, is the spirit of simplicity.

All great art is simple. It breathes an atmosphere of peace and serenity. It reveals a perfection that is stable and intelligible, and so attractive, because it is anchored in certain objective and universal truths which none but the sophisticated pretend to ignore and none but they fail to appreciate. Thus the long history of its development is but a gradual approach to a condition in which the manifold elements of merely transient value have been eliminated and the lasting grandeur of the essential and the permanent have been incorporated in perceptible forms.

This seems to be what has happened to the art of education in western Europe. It seems to have emerged from the long centuries of Christian culture and civilization with an eye that clearly perceives what aims are of supreme importance and what applied techniques will attain them. It seems to have discovered that university education is really reducible to something very simple. And the men who are engaged in this work, the men who are the heirs to this ripened and refined art, seem to believe in this simplicity. For it is no less apparent in university administration than in the art of teaching and the art of study. The first fruit of this simplicity is freedom, and it is, in my judgment, this feeling of freedom which relieves the European educator from the disposition to indulge in complaints made by his American confrère.

Simplification on the material side (I do not of course refer to professional schools) has freed them from the excessive preoccupation which accompanies huge building projects, and the endeavor to make of a university a sort of national technical service station where all who will may come to fit themselves for the multitudinous avocations of life. Simplification of academic organization liberates their administrative offices from the burdensome book-keeping and counting-house atmosphere so familiar in our own institutions. Simplification of curriculum construction enables them to maintain a dignified unity among the various fields of knowledge, and to coordinate the findings of each with the others, and so to escape the thraldom of the policy of unlimited specialties.

These are, however, only minor liberties. But the various simplifications upon which they rest make possible those greater liberties of professor and student, liberties which account for the relatively greater stability and serenity of European university life, and which effectively intensify that spirit of inquiry and research already referred to.

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Doctor Carrel, in his "Man the Unknown," maintains that of the means employed for the development of the mind—professors, libraries, laboratories, books and reviews—only books are really essential. It was another Frenchman who held that it was "the primary duty of a professor to render himself unnecessary." It is doubtless due to similar convictions that in continental universities generally students are free to attend or not to attend the lectures of the professors, that, as a distinguished one of them told the writer, he would consider it unbecoming to require any student to come to listen to his discourse.

The first impression experienced by an American student in such a situation is that of being neglected, or being denied even seemly attention. A slight feeling of resentment is followed by one of bewilderment, perhaps also of fright. But the realization that his presence, at the outset at least, is not courted by the university, nor his application to daily work made an object of solicitude by his professors—in a word, the very freedom born of the simple conception of his relation to both—becomes for him an incomparable stimulus to personal effort. It is, he soon realizes, necessary for him to prove himself deserving of the company into which he has been admitted. And to that task, assuming no faint-hearted discouragement, he brings his whole initiative and bends all the powers of his mind. It is this understanding of a definite goal to be achieved which brings him eagerly to the lecture hall, the library and the conference room. It is this too which turns him into an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge from his fellow students, and a ceaseless disputant with them on subjects of common interest. Thus there grows up a real community of endeavor on the part of professor and student. Learning becomes a common enterprise, study a passion, and the play of ideas a chief delight. A sane and sound critical attitude is born, and with it, I believe, that *esprit* of whose absence complaint is made by the critics of American universities.

It may be that these institutions are committed to the view of Mr. Sands that "pedagogical methods are not greatly important, if principles be clear" (COMMONWEAL, February 14, 1936). At any rate, though undoubtedly there is method, there seems to be a resolute ignoring of method, in the sense at least that the writer ignores style and the orator form. As these elements of discourse have a way of caring for themselves if the author or speaker knows clearly and definitely what he wants to express, so their pedagogical methods appear to be an inherent shaping of the effort put forth to attain a clearly conceived educational objective. The question is not here raised as to whether that objective is the best, or even whether it is good, though there is sound presumption in its favor. But such as it is, it is a "rich positive," a definite ideal. It guarantees constant and well-directed effort. It is free from the vacillations of a floundering pragmatism. It is not the amassing of information about intellectual things, but the formation of the whole man through the cultivation of his primary faculty, which is his intellect.

In social as well as in individual life it is direction of effort toward a precise end that results in the most perfect and complete harmony of organs and functions. Such harmony is indispensable to mental health. In that sense most European universities are healthy. Those who direct them have not been afraid, as I fear we have been, to make up their minds once and for all what superior education is for, and thus to escape the chronic aches and pains, the habitual hypochondria, of those on our side of the Atlantic that still maintain a sceptical attitude as to their final purpose and function in society. With certainty on the score of principle comes simplicity with regard to method, and with simplicity of method, greater freedom to work, and this, as I see it, is what both professor and student in our American universities are really asking for, and greatly need.

Nationality

Because He was a man
As well as He was God,
He loved His own goat-nibbled hills,
His crumbling Jewish sod.
He bowed to Roman rule
And dared none to rebel
But oh the windflowers out of Naim
We know He loved them well!
He must have loved its tongue,
His Aramaic brogue,
As much as any Norman loves
The accents of La Hogue.
Discountried and diskinged
And watched from pole to pole,
A Jew at heart remains a Jew—
His nation is his soul.
Had He upon that day
Of headlong cloaks and boughs
Surrendered all mankind to race
And lifted David's brows,
They would not on His cross
Have writ as mocking news
That He the man from Nazareth
Was monarch of the Jews.
As heifers' to their young
Christ's bowels yearned to His sod.
He was the very Jew of Jews
And yet since He was God—
Oh you with frontiered hearts,
Conceive it if you can—
It was not life alone He gave
But country up for man.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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FAIR PLAY IN NOVA SCOTIA

By SISTER MAURA

PEOPLE of the Atlantic states know the all-but-island Mayflower Province that is called Nova Scotia, as a pleasant summerland. A land of very irregular coast line where the brisk waves sparkle up through deep complicated bays and fascinating little coves; a land where scenes of wild magnificence vie in beauty with the peaceful charm of Annapolis Valley orchards and of the long low meadow of Grand Pré, both offset by purple northern hills. In this New Scotland, highland games are celebrated each year and Scots Gaelic is a living tongue, though a generous portion of the population is English, Irish or French, and there is a large German element of notable seafaring prowess.

For many, Nova Scotia remains the Land of Evangeline, redolent with memories of Longfellow's pathetic idyl, aureoled by the tender sympathy of his Catholic imagination. For others, it is Acadie, the Indian land of plenty where dwell the Abenakis, children of the rising sun. Still the mythical Glooscap broods over Blomidon, and watches the passing world with his amethystine eye; watches, and mourns the fate of the red man.

All this is pleasant and interesting enough, but Nova Scotia has title to a more substantial glory: she has been a torch-bearer of freedom, especially religious freedom. When the Civil Works Administration was constructing a "Fireplace of States" in their building at Bemidji, Minnesota, they asked for a piece of stone from Nova Scotia. The Honorable Michael Dwyer, Nova Scotia Minister of Public Works and Mines, sent them a piece of freestone removed from the Province House in Halifax which was the seat of the first representative assembly to be held in North America (and presumably the western world) in October, 1758. This became the keystone of the "Fireplace of States."

As early as 1771, the local legislature of Nova Scotia expressed its approval of liberty of conscience by an Act of Repeal which freed Catholics from many of the injustices that oppressed them. This was passed in response to a petition presented by Irish citizens, and it gave Catholics the right to own land, to erect churches, to hold public worship, and to vote. Early in the nineteenth century, Cape Breton, a picturesque and progressive island in the east of the province—the veritable *Ultima Thule* of Canada—went further. In 1827, the Catholics there used the franchise to elect a co-religionist, named Lawrence Kavanagh, to the House of Assembly; but of course he refused to take the customary oath which included a repudiation of loyalty to the Pope and of belief in the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Then appeal was made direct to King George IV, who allowed Mr. Kavanagh to modify the oath by omitting its objectionable clauses.

This single exception did not satisfy the members of the House of Assembly, a just-minded and responsible body; so they chose to take Mr. Kavanagh's dispensation as a precedent, and tactfully passed a resolution to thank the King for having relieved Catholics of the disability they had been under. In the same winter, Richard John Uniacke, son of a distinguished Irish Protestant from County Cork, read a petition in parliament, signed by more than one thousand Catholics asking to be definitely released from the offensive portions of the oath. The petition was discussed and warmly supported, with the result that a bill granting Catholics complete religious liberty, was framed, presented, and passed by both houses, and became law on April 17, 1827. Thus it was that the little province of Nova Scotia led the way in Catholic emancipation.

One of the most ardent supporters of the bill was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, later known to fame as the creator of Sam Slick. Haliburton came of aristocratic New England stock; his grandparents had sacrificed wealth and lands for the ideal of loyalty in those stormy times when the majority risked life and all for the ideal of liberty. He was educated at King's College, established in Windsor, Nova Scotia, by a divine from New York, five years after New York's King's College became Columbia. In his famous Clockmaker series which ran in Joseph Howe's *Novascotian* from 1835-1836 and then appeared in book form, Haliburton pays precious tribute to the Catholic Church. In a chapter entitled "Father John O'Shaughnessy," he gives vivid praise to the minister of religion who sets charity before controversy and yet checkmates the astute Slick in argument. As early as the latter years of the eighteenth century, priests from Ireland were laboring apostolically in Halifax and the greater part of Nova Scotia; the original of Father O'Shaughnessy was probably one of them.

It was another priest from Ireland, Thomas Louis Connolly, who did more than any other to foster harmonious relations between his flock and their Protestant neighbors, and won for Catholics the equal status they still enjoy in the public school system of the province. Archbishop Connolly was a man in ten thousand; genial, enterprising, eloquent, big-hearted, he was a favored friend of the great whom he entertained magnificently, but he always remained dearest friend of the poor whom he visited in sickness and aided in misfortune. During a visit to Rome in the Advent of 1857, he came to know and appreciate the saintly Father Hecker, and supported him with such ardor that he could say, "I am ready to give my life for your cause." He pleaded that cause so eloquently in a long audience with Pius IX, with whom he was a prime favorite, that at its close the Pope said, "Let them present their plan to me, and if I find it good, it shall have my consent."

When the fathers of the province first mooted the question of public schools in Nova Scotia, they called in consultation the genial archbishop, who was everyone's friend. He also attended the conference, held in London in the winter of 1865, to arrange the public school system; and by his wisdom and strength of purpose, he secured for Catholics the boon, that proves more valuable as years go by, of equal status with their fellow citizens. In Nova Scotia, when numbers warrant it, there are public schools for Catholic children, conducted by Catholic teachers, religious or lay, who have qualified under the provincial law.

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Considering that Catholics must pay the taxes that support public schools, and that they hold it of vital importance for their children to have Catholic teaching, this arrangement seems ideal.

The tradition early established in the province, not of tolerance, but of justice, has been consistently maintained. At the present time, the Honorable Angus L. Macdonald, head of the government of Nova Scotia, is an exemplary Catholic, with a brother a priest. He was elected to office neither because of nor in spite of his religious belief, but for his sterling character, his intellectual ability, and his qualities as leader. The Chief Justice, Sir Joseph Chisholm, outstanding both as man of letters and jurist, and knighted this year by the King, is a most loyal son of the Church. Mayor Edward Cragg of Halifax. a practical Catholic himself, belongs to one of the old Catholic families of the city. This situation surely reveals the predominantly Protestant people of Nova Scotia actuated in the present, as in the past, by a spirit of fair play that gives honor where honor is due, with good-will toward all and malice toward none.

Communications

RHODE ISLAND AND LIBERTY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The timely article by S. D. Goulding, "Rhode Island and Liberty," in your issue of March 13, is an important contribution to the history of freedom and worship in the English colonies. With the renewal of interest in the subject brought about by the election this year of William Penn (Roger Williams was elected in 1920) to the Hall of Fame of New York University, an authoritative statement of the exact position of Rhode Island in this matter cannot but be widely welcomed among your readers. Permit me, however, to call attention to several erroneous statements regarding the French Army at Newport. Mr. Goulding begins by saying that De Grasse was there in 1778. The fact is De Grasse did not sail from Brest until early in 1781 and then went directly to the French West Indies. During the summer he started north, bringing 3,000 men with equipment and a million or more in money borrowed from the Governor of Havana. He reached the mouth of York River, September 2, where he was soon joined by Washington, Rochambeau, Lafayette and their armies. The surrender of Cornwallis came October 20. On November 4, De Grasse returned to the West Indies without ever setting foot on the soil of the United States.

In 1778, the French fleet under D'Estaing attempted to cooperate, off Newport, with the American army under Sullivan, in driving out the British, but was prevented from effecting its purpose by a terrific storm that dispersed the fleet and disabled some of the vessels so that D'Estaing went to Boston for repairs, and went afterward to the French islands.

In 1779, Washington on the Hudson was anxiously awaiting the arrival of D'Estaing to assist in regaining possession of New York. Alarmed at the danger of being cut off, the English evacuated Newport, which was immediately occupied by the Americans. Defeated at Savannah, D'Estaing never again came north.

The spring of 1780, De Ternay in command of a squadron landed at Newport the French expeditionary force under the Comte de Rochambeau, consisting of some 5,000 men, only half of the army which the King had proposed to send. The other half was never able to elude the vigilance of the British, so never came to America. Rochambeau, loyal to the conservative Catholic tradition in the French army, never to uselessly endanger the lives of his troops, deferred for a year to cooperate with Washington, always hoping for reinforcements from France. During this period, and this alone, was the French army encamped on the soil of Rhode Island. Their presence there for so long a time undoubtedly did much to awaken sympathetic regard by the populace who never before had dreamed of the possibility of soldiers attaining such discipline. In July, 1780, they finally left Rhode Island, their commander having been informed of the impossibility of receiving reinforcements. As they marched through Connecticut on their way to join Washington on the Hudson, the inhabitants were amazed at the spectacle of this superb body of men kneeling in the meadow outside Hartford at a solemn military field Mass, then going forward in perfect order, while during the whole march "not a chicken in a barn yard, not an apple in an orchard, was touched." At that very time the people of Connecticut were debarred by their church (at least the law had never been rescinded) from "marrying with Turks, Papists or other infidels."

As regards the tolerant attitude of Rhode Island toward Quakers in particular, who in the beginning were universally regarded as some new and particularly offensive brand of "Papists," some interesting documents printed in an ancient volume, "History of Scituate, Mass.," are well worth recalling. It is there said that in 1656, the year the first Quakers arrived in Massachusetts, the authorities were so enraged that the General Court addressed a memorial to the Commission of the United Colonies meeting in Plymouth at that time, asking for a general law to be passed excluding the sect from all the New England Colonies. They said in part:

"Here hath arrived amongst us several persons professing themselves Quakers, fit instruments to propagate the kingdom of Satan. For the securing of ourselves and our neighbors from such pests, we have imprisoned them, till they be dispatched away to the place from whence they came. . . ."

The author of the book from which these documents are taken goes on to say:

"The reply of the government of Rhode Island is to be admired for its moderation and discretion: 'We have no laws,' they say, 'amongst us whereby to punish any for only declaring their minds concerning the things and way of God. We are informed that they begin to loathe this place for that they are not opposed by the civil authority, but with all patience and meekness are suffered to say over their pretended revelation. . . .'"

As a matter of fact, the Quakers came to Rhode Island

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in such abundance and prospered so exceedingly that when the French were stationed there in 1780-1781 they formed the wealthiest and most cultured class of the residents of Newport, as the *Mémoires* of some of the French officers testify.

As for the governing class of Massachusetts, they redoubled their fury, imposing upon the instruders the full force of the laws which they hastened to make, copying the penal code of England "against Jesuits, Seminarians, etc." With the Restoration, however, this was stopped. King Charles had, at one moment of his adventurous flight after the defeat at Worcester, been saved by a Quaker who sprang into the water and took the King on his back. In 1661, he sent to Governor Endicott and all the governors of New England a mandamus which began:

"Charles Rex.

"Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Having been informed that several of our subjects amongst you called Quakers, have been and are imprisoned by you, whereof some of them have been executed, and others (as hath been represented to us) are in danger to undergo the like, we have thought fit to signify our pleasure in their behalf for the future, and do hereby require . . . that you proceed not any further therein. . . ."

ELIZABETH KITE.

THE JUDICIAL VETO

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: Permit me to deal very briefly with Mr. Egan's reply to my communication in your issue of November 29. It is manifestly futile to continue the discussion with a man who is so violent and irrational, but two points seem to require notice.

Mr. Egan calls me a bureaucrat. What private detective—surely *not* Sherlock Holmes—misled him into making that ridiculous blunder? I am a newspaper man and a lecturer on economics and government, and have never been connected with any bureaucracy.

Was it bureaucratic to affirm that there is nothing—not a line or word—in the Federal Constitution to authorize the Judiciary to annul legislation on any ground whatever? But let this pass. Mr. Egan cannot admit that the question concerning the judicial veto is "controversial." I can only assume that anything Mr. Egan likes is not open to dispute or doubt. The world he lives in is hardly real. Many things we like or do not like are, unfortunately, highly controversial. Whether a proposition is or is not controversial is a question of fact, not of opinion. I will give Mr. Egan, gratis, the titles of a dozen books, magazine articles and editorials in which the legal and moral right of the courts to annul legislation is vigorously denied, the denial being supported by plenty of evidence. He would do well to try to read and understand the opinions of thinkers and writers which he cannot share.

I trust none of your readers will be confused and deceived by loud, truculent and empty assertions on the vital question of the judicial veto. That question will not be forgotten, despite the semi-liberal decision in the TVA case. The courts have not been empowered to declare statutes unconstitutional. This power is the result of John Marshall's dialectics. The public accepted Marshall's conclusions, to be sure, but that acceptance can be withdrawn.

Mr. Egan's argument that but for the judicial veto Congress could and would enact flagrantly unconstitutional laws, thus destroying our essential liberties, will not stand up. As Justice Stone said in his convincing dissenting opinion in the AAA case, the judiciary is not the only defender and protector of the Constitution. Congress and the executive are not without responsibility in the premises. Nor should we ignore enlightened public opinion. The executive veto certainly is constitutionally ordained. To assert, by implication, that only comfortable corporation lawyers of advanced age are faithful to their oaths of office, while lawmakers and the President are ever ready to violate their oaths and, as demagogues and timid time-servers, emasculate the Constitution, is to employ the poisoned logic of Fascism! I am not prepared to despair of the public, the lawmakers and the chief executives. By the way, the British parliament has the power to enact any legislation it pleases, yet the liberties of the English people seem quite safe, even though the veto of the lords has been drastically limited—a fact unknown to Mr. Egan—and the courts have never had the veto power over legislation. Mr. Egan has much to learn, but he must first cultivate urbanity and tolerance.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

A CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editor: In the August 2, 1935, issue of THE COMMONWEAL, there appeared, under the "Communications" column, an article about the Thomas More Lending Library of Catholic books, written by Brenton McCormack of Whittier, California. It may interest you to know that his article brought us communications from Washington, D. C.; New York City; Boston, Dorchester and Holyoke, Mass.; Evansville, Indiana; Chicago, Illinois; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Toledo, Ohio; Berkeley, California; and Honolulu. This being the anniversary of the opening of the library, we wish to express our thanks to you for printing that article.

Your periodical has always encouraged the opening of Catholic Lending Libraries, and it is for that reason we wish to tell you that after one year of experience limited to a small circulation of slow but certain growth, we are convinced that this means of spreading knowledge of the teaching of the Church will prove of incalculable benefit to those who read the books and to those whom they may contact.

There will always be discouragements and disappointments in the launching of any worth-while work, but they are soon compensated for, by the results.

JULIA T. METCALF.

As Number 22 of Volume XXIII was erroneously duplicated in numbering the issues of March 27 and April 3, Number 24 is omitted and the present issue is Number 25.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The Tenth Annual Conference of the Catholic Association for International Peace was held at Washington, D. C., April 13 and 14. Topics discussed included the ethical basis of a world society, and the social, economic and political interdependence of the nations of the world. * * * Monsignor Joseph M. Corrigan, Rector of the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo of Philadelphia, has been named Rector of the Catholic University of America. * * * Silvania, a society of Swiss secondary school students, has just completed a large building entirely through their own labor and expense. Each full member spends at least one week each year in the print shop or mailing room or sends 25 Swiss francs to replace his labor. In the last ten years they have distributed millions of the free pamphlets they have printed on social and religious questions; the first edition of their recent pamphlet on Laymen's Retreats was 200,000 copies. * * * The editors of the *Catholic Worker* of New York have bought a twenty-eight-acre farm near Easton, Pennsylvania, for a modest beginning of their farming commune program; prospective farms are also reported near St. Louis and Pittsburgh. The affiliated Campion Propaganda Committee have opened in New York a cooperative Students' Hostel where Prime and Compline will be recited daily. In addition to these parts of the Divine Office the Campions hope for a daily *Missa Recitata* at their parish church. * * * Monsignor Timothy Dempsey, affectionately known as "Father Tim" among thousands of the poor in the Middle West, died in St. Louis, April 6, at the age of sixty-eight. His Workingmen's Hotel housed more than 100,000 men in its first twenty-five years and his lunch room served 3,340,820 free meals to the needy from November, 1931, to January 1, 1936. * * * During the Music Educators National Conference in New York, Catholic Schools of the Greater New York Area gave at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 1, an impressive program including Gregorian Chant. * * * Bishop A. J. Willinger, C. SS. R., of Ponce, Puerto Rico, reports that despite progress made by the dispensary every twenty-five minutes a Puerto Rican child dies. * * * Plans for the erection of a memorial in New Orleans to Father Abram Ryan, poet of the Confederacy, are nearing completion under the sponsorship of the Louisiana Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Nation.—The Supreme Court threatened, but did not seriously injure, the Securities and Exchange Commission when it saved a Mr. Jones from submitting a prospectus of his company to its investigators. The SEC was acting upon one of its own regulations and not under the specific law creating it, and so was ruled "wholly unreasonable and arbitrary." * * * Unions of the unemployed held a convention in Washington to form a united program and organization to last "for the duration." A government building was used, where, on the first day, speeches were made favoring a $6,000,000,000 relief program, a hunger march on Washington and a Farmer-Labor party. Groups supposedly dominated by Socialists, "Lenin" Communists, "Trotzky" Communists and various split groups and independents were represented. Largest was the Workers Alliance, Socialist and Trotzkyist dominated. * * * The Townsend movement has certainly not been aided by the congressional investigation. While the regular directorate was trying to reorganize in Baltimore, the important Los Angeles club voted to withdraw and become an independent pension club. * * * Secretary Wallace reported AAA payments of $1,167,665 to one sugar company, and $1,022,037 and $961,064 to others. A hog farmer got $157,000, and a wheat farmer, $29,398. The Republican attack which brought forth these figures has decreased in violence and no alternative has been offered to Congress. * * * The *American Banker* announced that the twenty largest banks in the country own one-fifth of the national debt. * * * An embargo on tin-plate scrap will be effective from April 16 to July 1. This embargo was proclaimed, it was announced, "in conformity with the War Department's plan for mobilization of industry in time of war." * * * The eastern railroads have definitely decided to contest in the courts the new order of the Interstate Commerce Commission providing for a $.02 a mile fare. They want to compromise on a $.025 fare. * * * The tax bill proceeded through bitter hearings more and more as a party measure of the Democrats, Republicans so strenuously objecting to it that efforts to make it a non-partizan measure completely failed. * * * A series of tornadoes climaxed the freak spring weather that has harrassed the South, killing 421 persons. Over 1,725 were seriously injured and 3,200 homes were wrecked. More floods followed the whirlwinds.

The Wide World.—The text of Germany's reply to the Locarno powers was made public on April 1. It expressed an ardent desire to cooperate in assuring the future peace of Europe, but on the specific issue of the Rhineland suggested only that there be no further increase of armed forces on either side of the frontier and suggested that an international commission be appointed to see that no increase took place. There was in particular no assurance that work on the German fortifications would be halted. The British were manifestly disappointed. Almost immediately the Cabinet authorized staffs conversations with France and Belgium, and followed the stipulations of the Locarno treaties by giving assurances that it would give military and diplomatic aid in case of aggression. Some criticism of these moves was voiced, but Mr. Eden obtained a very favorable vote in the House of Commons. Previously it was felt that the critics, notably D. Lloyd George, were strong enough to demand important Cabinet changes. At any rate, the resignation of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin was expected. * * * Paris placed a some-

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what different interpretation upon the recent German policy. It insisted that Hitler's scheme was to fortify the Rhine sufficiently to hold off a French army while a putsch against Austria was in progress. Accordingly the question of European peace boiled itself down to this from the French point of view: would the Nazis abandon the Rhine fortification idea, or would there be war? In view of the second possibility, M. Flandin started a drive at Geneva to guarantee the integrity of Austria and to reform the "Stresa front" by lifting sanctions against Italy and ending the Ethiopian war. For its part Austria reintroduced conscription, while Hungary bowed to the opposition and announced that it would for the present abide by the Treaty of St. Germain. * * * Despite heavy rains in Africa, there was a great deal of military activity. Following an indecisive battle in the Lake Ashangi region on March 31, the Ethiopian army personally commanded by Emperor Haile Selassie fell back. There followed another engagement near Quoram, after which the Italians reported enormous Ethiopian casualties and insisted that their advance guard had actually reached its Quoram objective. An air raid brought the sound of rattling machine guns to Addis Ababa itself. Reports that Mussolini had authorized the use of poison gas evoked bitter criticism in some European quarters. * * * The situation in Spain was somewhat improved, though a number of minor Communist excesses were reported. It was believed that Premier Azana would effect an alliance with Gil Robles and other Catholic party leaders, and that no drastic steps against the Church were likely in the near future. * * * Germany witnessed further arrests of priests for alleged violation of the foreign exchange laws. It was the N.C.W.C. correspondent's opinion that while the elections had brought a lull in anti-Catholic activities, further serious trouble must be expected soon. Protestant circles were beguiled by the endeavor of former Reichsbischof Mueller to explain away the pacifistic doctrine of the New Testament.

* * * *

Housing Program.—On April 3, after six months of consultation with government housing and financial experts and non-governmental housing specialists, Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York introduced in the Senate a bill which would provide a decentralized four-year program for nation-wide slum-clearance and low-cost housing on the European model; Representative Henry Ellenbogen of Pennsylvania introduced it in the House. The projects will be managed by state or local authorities who will apply to a United States Housing Authority for loans and grants. But where local agencies are unequal to the task federal demonstration slum-clearance and housing will be permitted. The loans will bear interest and must be repaid over a period of not less than sixty years. Housing grants are to be restricted to the amount necessary to make the projects available for low-income groups; in no case are they to exceed 45 percent of the construction cost. "In most cases there will be a large degree of initial financing from private sources." Bond issues guaranteed by the government similar to HOLC bonds will provide

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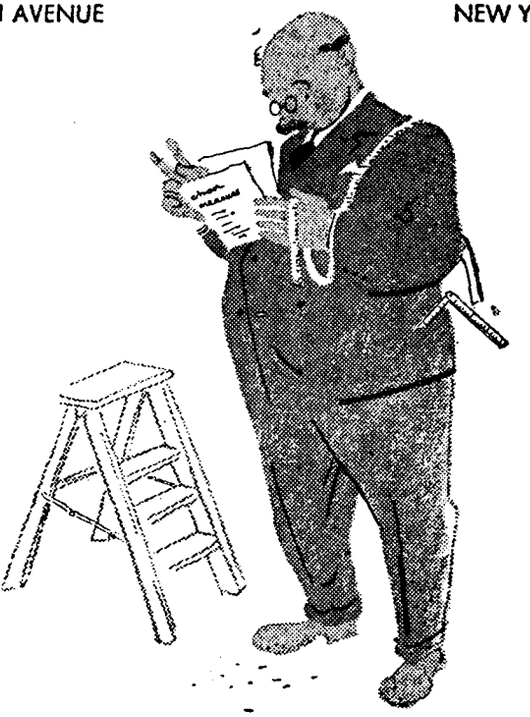

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SHEED & WARD & EDUCATION

Of the seven or eight universities—including Princeton and Minnesota—which have adopted Christopher Dawson's *Making of Europe* ($3.50), not one is Catholic. But this is the only disappointment that the Catholic colleges have caused us.

We are publishers of books, not of text-books. Text-books brought no joy to our school-days, and we still find them unconsoling. But no one will pretend that education can be administered only through text-books. And it has been a delight to find that Catholic colleges are using five or six books that lie close to our own heart.

Closest of all lies *A Map of Life* ($1.25), because one of us wrote it. It is a statement of Catholic doctrine built after the Evidence Guild fashion: and as it is used to prepare Catholic speakers for the hammering they will receive from all and sundry on the street corner, it also prepares students for the hammering they will receive from all and sundry in their professional lives. Keeping pace with this book is *Catholic Evidence Training Outlines* ($1.50). Whether this book is adopted for class use or not, we think teachers will find it a practical guide to the religious state of the world into which their students must go.

One straight text-book we have: Jacques Maritain's *Introduction to Philosophy* ($2.00). So far as we know, it is the only text-book of philosophy in the world whose author is one of the world's leading philosophers. As it happens there will soon be another: for the same Jacques Maritain has also written *Minor Logic* and this will be available in time for the next academic year.

Another of our books, though not actually planned as a text book, turns out to be one: Rudolf Allers' *Practical Psychology* ($2.00). Allers is a Catholic, one of the leading experimental psychologists of Vienna.

An uneasy sense of the intellectual inferiority of Catholics is one of the most insidious dangers to the faith of the Catholic student. Nothing will remove this uneasiness so effectually as a full awareness of the Catholic Intellectual Revival: and nothing we think is a better help to awareness than *A Sheed & Ward Survey* ($2.50) with its selections from the works of some fifty living Catholic writers of Europe and America.

Any visitor to the Catholic Education Convention who would like to discuss these matters will be welcome at

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the money for the federal loans—$100,000,000 for 1937 and $150,000,000 for the three succeeding years. Grants would be provided by appropriations, the modest sums of $51,000,000 in 1937, $75,000,000 in 1938, and $100,000,000 in 1939 and 1940. Observers regard it as an extremely moderate program, but it is part of a plan to provide 10,000,000 new low-cost homes in the next ten years. Senator Wagner believes it will absorb unemployment in the durable goods industries and labor overflow from other industries. "It will be predominantly the task of private industry. Anything less would be inconsistent. . . . We associate the home with individual liberties, not with the superstate."

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—A number of important spring conferences have just been announced. The Methodist four-yearly general conference will open at Columbus, Ohio, May 1. Possible unification of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church will be discussed. Other topics are social issues, equalization of ministerial salaries and Methodist youth. The Northern Baptist Convention in St. Louis, May 18, is to discuss reorganization, mission giving, social action and Baptist youth. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., will meet at Syracuse, New York, May 28, and render final judgment in a number of "judicial cases" dealing with the formation of a separate and "independent" mission board. It will also take up mission, educational, moral and social problems and prepare for a sesquicentennial celebration in 1939. The biennial meeting of the General Council of the Congregational-Christian churches at Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts, June 13 to 23, will feature seminars devoted to different phases of the general theme, "The Effective Church." One evening will be devoted to the social question, another to the presentation of a drama on world peace. * * * The American Friends Service Committee of 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, has announced that 300 college students have volunteered for three months of service this summer, largely among impoverished miners and their families in the soft coal regions of the Eastern States. * * * Last year the American Bible Society circulated more than 2,000,000 copies of the Scriptures in China. Over 83,000 complete Bibles were issued.

Mr. Roger W. Straus, Medalist. — Each year the *American Hebrew* awards a medal to the American thought of most highly in circles that take seriously the issue of amity between Jewish and non-Jewish groups. This time the recipient is Mr. Roger W. Straus, one of the chairmen of the National Conference of Jews and Christians. Urging his audience to increase their knowledge of other groups, Mr. Straus said with characteristic practical sense: "If we Jews should generally give our thoughts to these channels, we would be less prone to blame our difficulties and failures upon intolerance and, when on those fewer occasions when intolerance and prejudice are evident and proved, not to put the blame upon the teachings of Christianity, which are directly

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opposed to such manifestations, but upon the frailties of mankind and the particular motivating force which was responsible for the specific action." It is scarce a secret that when Mr. Straus began to concern himself with the National Conference—which has now an enviable record to its credit—he was looked upon by many Jews as a dangerous and quixotic person. Too many believe that all Jews in the United States are and have been anxious to "make friends." Those who have some experience in the field describe meetings of some years ago, when Jewish audiences, fresh from an Eastern European background, were so distrustful of and opposed to Christian speakers that it was hardly possible for these to function. One may therefore say without fear of contradiction that the early Chairman Straus was a brave man. Now all, or nearly all, is different. As a result of events in Europe the wisdom of his policy has been demonstrated, particularly to those whom he desired in the first instance to serve. He has been an effective, interested and most capable worker in a cause which must be considered one of the major social missions of the time.

Medical Missionaries. — The April number of the magazine, *Medical Missionary,* has an article by Father Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C., pointing out the enormous new apostolate which has been opened only since 1925 to Catholic women. In that year the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries was founded in Washington, D. C., the first community in the whole Church specifically designed to train Sisters professionally as doctors and nurses for the foreign missions. This February a decree from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda commended the apostolate and urged the formation of more communities for this purpose and of special similar units within older Sisterhoods. The article recalls that not until the seventeenth century, under the influence of Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Vincent de Paul, were Sisterhoods formed for activities outside the cloister. Now America alone has 124,000 nuns serving outside. "Medical missions, first of all, carry out the command of Christ, 'Heal the sick,' and also follow His own missionary method. . . . Secondly, since the women of India, of the Near East and of Moslem Africa must live secluded from all men not of their immediate family, there is no prospect of bishops and priests bringing to them the saving light of Christ's Redemption. . . ." Because of the purdah system which prevails in India, for example—as well as the general lack of medical help available, male or female—only about 1,000,000 of India's 150,000,000 women ever receive skilled medical care. In Dacca, India, where the Medical Missionaries have started maternity and child welfare centers, 4,933 births were registered during 1934. The centers attended 1,669 of these births, and from them resulted 9 maternal and 57 infant deaths. From the other births there resulted 44 maternal and 266 infant deaths. Conditions in parts of Africa correspond: during 1936 in Freetown, 364 children out of every 1,000 died within ten days of birth. And Father Mathis's article describes "a host of beneficent by-products" of the new and originally American Catholic movement.

THE NEXT WAR IN EUROPE

will come not from the front-stage manoeuvres of the Mussolinis and the Hitlers but (like the last) from a shot fired back stage. NIGHT OVER THE EAST, a new novel by Erik von Kuhnelt-Leddihn ($2.50) is concerned with the likeliest spot—Serbia or rather those luckless minorities who, subjected to Serbia after the Great War, sigh for the milder atrocities of the Turks. The English reviewers have shown unusual enthusiasm about the book: Thus:

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—Times Literary Supplement.

So much for sensation and the hard bite of troubles immediately upon us. Three other books we can do no more than mention. ST. PETER CANISIUS (900 pages, $7.50) by Fr. Brodrick, S. J., contains the most intimate inside story yet told of the half-century following the Reformation when all Europe was in the religious melting-pot. The issue of that period made our catastrophes of yesterday and will make the worse catastrophes of tomorrow—

UNLESS

the Catholic spirit can rise to the occasion. Ross Hoffman's WILL TO FREEDOM ($1.50) suggests the way in which it might do so: by understanding and thereby recapturing what is vital in its own past. Since the close of the Apostolic Age, the most vital thing in that past is the towering greatness of St. Augustine, to whom our age is slowly and almost timidly beginning to return. Erich Przywara's AUGUSTINE SYNTHESIS ($4.00) is a selection of passages from all the Saint's writings arranged to bring the very heart of his thought to the reader. The Thomist revival has been a wonderful thing: but a Catholic culture which had also regained St. Augustine would save the world.

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German Force Politics.—Significant dispatches come from Berlin, revealing the technique of National Socialism in holding an election—a technique which is curiously naive, apparently effective, but will be, no doubt, a boomerang in the long run. Workers who failed to vote in the last Reichstag elections have been summarily dismissed from their jobs; and the implication is that finding new jobs is also closed to them—a simple way of starving a man and his family to death, or driving them to suicide. The German Labor Front cooperated with the Nazi party organization for the clean sweep of the voting slackers; what happened to those who dared to vote against the Nazi "Ja" has not been revealed publicly, as newspaper correspondents who wish to remain in Germany and to give at least partial reports of the news there, cannot tell all. German propagandists of the old 1914 brand, however, are known to be emigrating in large numbers with the emigrés from Germany who are conscientiously opposed to developments there. Their infiltrations of the news have to be kept guarded, of course, because they would otherwise be identified and their usefulness destroyed. The principal part of their activity is general espionage work, which consists in the writing of voluminous reports on every conceivable subject—most of which reports are, of course, merely pigeon-holed. Lists of betrayers of the pure Nazi faith are made and the relatives of the offenders, as used to be in China, suffer for *ontre mer* suspected sins of which they are utterly innocent and often quite unaware. Plans I, II and III are also prepared for contingencies in case of hostilities.

New Music School.—At the forty-fifth session of the Catholic Summer School of America at Cliff Haven, New York, this year, a Master School of Music will be opened under the directorship of Claude Gonvierre, noted pianist. The advisory board will consist of Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of New York, Lucrezia Bori, Giovanni Martinelli, Leon Barzin, musical director of the National Orchestra Association, Bosseron Chambers, the artist, Pietro A. Yon, organist and choirmaster of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and S. Constantino Yon, organist and choirmaster of St. Vincent Ferrer's Church in New York. Members of the faculty already chosen by the directors include Paul Althouse of the Metropolitan Opera, in charge of the Voice Department, Bernice Frost, who will give a normal course for teachers, and Paul Miguel, who will give courses in vocal coaching and the study of repertoire. George J. Gillespie, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Summer School, declares that the "Master School of Music will afford the Catholic Summer School of America an opportunity to broaden the scope of its service to the community and offer people from all parts of the United States another phase of the cultural, intellectual and spiritual life which it has striven to develop. . . ."

A New Version of Scripture?—Though no official announcement has as yet appeared, persistent rumor has it that a new version of Holy Writ is to be produced by a group of Catholic scholars. What form is to be adopted remains uncertain, but we learn that the object is to prepare the equivalent of a "revised Douay version." It is said that experience in schools and especially in study clubs indicates that the traditional English of the seventeenth century is too remote from the diction currently employed, and that many passages are well-nigh unintelligible to any save scholars familiar with the underlying Latin and Greek. These criticisms are not new, having long since led to Newman's project which eventually took form in the Westminster Version. But there are of course reasons for holding that "American" is today so different from "English" in any form that a text minus the well-known verse numerals and a great many Latinisms would stimulate reading of the Sacred Books. Protestant scholars have tried to furnish such a text, but their success remains debatable. Further information concerning the reputed new Catholic undertaking, which if completed would be an achievement of real magnitude, will be awaited with interest. Meanwhile the Biblical Commission's projected revision of the Vulgate itself is making slow progress. The difficulties are so great that Cardinal Gasquet is said to have opined once that a thousand years would not be too long a time in which to complete the task.

Art As You Like It.—The opening of a new series of shows at the New York Municipal Art Gallery brings to the fore one of the most interesting experiments in art in the United States and one which is a credit to the efforts of Mayor La Guardia to give the public something beside bread and circuses. The management of the gallery is in competent hands, with a committee headed by leading American artists and art patrons. The basis of having a show is that ten to fifteen artists form a group, announce their wish to have an exhibition, arrange a date and select their own examples—in other words, put their best foot forward. There is no hanging jury with its own crotchets or axes to grind. There is no charge to the artist, nor to the public. The last show had, beside the work of various competent professionals, an amateur group that was very amusing and stimulating, and evidence anew that art does not have to be all professionalized, as the professionals like to think to the detriment of general culture and to their own detriment ultimately because art, by their cult of exclusiveness, is kept too hermetically sealed from the non-practitioners. In the current show, John Sloan carries on his interesting experiments—if they can be called such, as they go back to the work of the primitives and old masters—in which he uses both tempera and oil. Yvonne DuBois does credit to the name which she has, that has been associated for three generations with strong and healthy American art. There are four floors in the gallery, with a group on each floor, and the work of all the exhibitors, well known or not, is intensely provocative.

* * * *

Buy American.—Three important organizations, it is reported in the New York *Times,* and a host of smaller ones are promising "a resurgence of nationalistic feeling on a scale several times as great as that of 1932." This feeling is supposed to mature in the fall, around election

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time, and is supposed to result in strong support of high tariffs. The "Made in America Club, Inc.," is formed something like the Townsend movement, and already claims 100,000 members. In June, it will open a membership drive that will, it is predicted, enlist 5,000,000 persons. It will sponsor a magazine, *American Home Life,* and distribute literature, mail stickers, buttons, automobile tags and other propaganda material. In New England, a parallel organization, the "Made-in-America League," is likewise trying to reduce imports. In the West, raw material producers are forming the "National Raw Material Association" working for greater tariff protection. Opposing these organizations is the "National Committee for Reciprocal Trade," which conducts an "educational campaign" to convince citizens of the benefits of reciprocity and freer international trade. The automobile and drug industries are supposed to be strong backers of the latter. All concerned are avowedly non-partizan and non-political, but they will undoubtedly bring the tariff forward within both parties as a big issue in the coming presidential campaign.

Russia and Japan. — Incidents recalling those at the turn of the century when Russia was expanding her territory in China at the expense of territory previously taken by Japan and was seeking to make herself, with the constantly varying support and objections of France and Germany, the dominant power on the far eastern mainland, have been occurring again during the past weeks and month. Now, according to Moscow advices, Japan and Germany are in alliance on one side and Russia and France on the other. In the earlier war, Russia lost her fleet in Asiatic waters to the superior strategy of Admiral Togo and the Japanese fleet, and in all fighting from February 10, 1904, to the spring of 1905, lost more than 90,000 dead to the Japanese 40,000, and valuable territorial holdings. She has never ceased to fear in the meantime the military effectiveness of the Japanese, so that in recent months while Japan has been the aggressor in extending her territory and influence on the Asiatic mainland and her soldiers have repeatedly invaded Russian territory, the Bolsheviks have contented themselves with protests and with pointing to the strength of their army, the largest in the world and one of the best equipped. During the past weeks several hundred Japanese and Manchukuoan soldiers, with tanks, artillery and armored trucks, accompanied by airplanes, advanced twenty-eight miles into Outer Mongolian territory and engaged the Mongolians in a pitched battle. This followed within a few days Russia's announcement of the signing of a pact with the Mongolian People's Republic to go to the latter's assistance if attacked. B. S. Stomoniakov, Vice Commissar for Foreign Affairs, in Moscow, immediately protested to Ambassador Tamekichi Ota of Japan, and the latter replied that, according to his advices, the Mongolians had been the aggressors. Hopes expressed abroad that the recent military uprising in Japan and the appointment of the Hirota government would lead to a more moderate Japanese foreign policy in China and adjacent territory, were apparently dashed.

The Play and Screen

Bitter Stream

THE LIST of propaganda plays, despite the fact that one by one they fall by the wayside, grows ever longer. The latest, "Bitter Stream," given by the Theatre Union, is not communistic, but anti-Fascist propaganda, and has little to do with conditions threatening us. It is written by Victor Wolfson and based on Ignazio Silone's novel, "Fontamara," the characters and the psychology of the characters being all Italian—at least they were in the original novel and purport to be in its American adaptation for the stage. "Bitter Stream" tells the story of how the Fascist government deprives the peasants of the town of Fontamara of their stream by turning its course so that it can be used by a promoter for his own ends. This stirs up revolt in Fontamara and also in a neighboring town where the peasants demand that the land be distributed among them. The revolt is of course put down, and the leader of the Fontamarans is executed.

This is only a bare outline, the real interest of the play being in the characterizations, and in the depiction of the growing restlessness of the peasants against the Fascist government. How just the picture is, it would be impossible for any foreigner to say, as in all propaganda plays only one side of the picture is given. All the Fascists are brutes or hypocrites and all the peasants downtrodden beasts of burden, and their leaders, heroes. This belief may be warming to the proletarian heart but it is manifestly absurd, and once again manifests the weakness of propaganda as art. Its lack of fairness and basic honesty revolts the average listener, no matter how much he may admire the fire of the writing or the earnestness of purpose.

As a play "Bitter Stream" is not the most effective of the Theatre Union's offerings. It has admirable bits, and some excellent characterizations, but it has a flabbiness of structure and uncertainty of aim which detract from its total effect. In short, as a play it does not seem to have been fully thought out. The production, however, is as a whole excellent, the acting adequate, and sometimes more than that, and Cleon Throckmorton's settings admirable. It is of course too much to expect that the actors should give the feeling of Italian peasants, yet a few, and especially Albert Van Dekker as Berardo and Lili Valenty as Elvira, give really fine performances. Miss Valenty is a German actress and a newcomer to the American stage, but Mr. Van Dekker we know. When this young American actor gets an opportunity he ought to be heard from. He has force, masculine magnetism, and if at times his acting has a touch of the flamboyant, there is altogether too little of that quality in the modern theatre. Other good performances are given by Frank Conlan, Vincent Sherman, John Boruff and Manart Kippen. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

The Lunts

IN LAST week's review of "Idiot's Delight" lack of space precluded any discussion of the acting. The Lunts are starred in Mr. Sherwood's play, and a word

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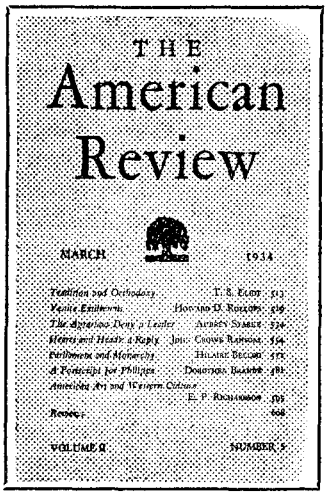

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might not be out of place as to the reasons for the rise of these two players. I personally did not care for Miss Fontanne's performance. I found it too mannered. I also found Mr. Lunt's accent—it has been changing of recent years—neither pleasant nor adding anything to his impersonation. And yet the Lunts are unique. One of the reasons for this is that the Guild has given them great parts, the other is that they have color. They are at times flamboyant, but in speaking of Mr. Van Dekker's performance in "Bitter Stream" I suggested that the stage needs more of this very quality. In the drab realism of the modern theatre their appearances light up the landscape. They would never be accused of being "hams," yet they are not afraid of being actors. They are sometimes unintelligible, but it is not because they whisper. They are often extravagant, at times they over act, but they are stimulating. And this is the supreme reason for their success—because though they may sometimes annoy, they never bore.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The Great Ziegfeld

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER selected for Mr. Hunt Stromberg, producer of the musical predecessors, "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie," a subject that is even more naturally, more pleasantly adaptable to picturization: the glittering, glamorous career of the late Florence Ziegfeld, musical comedy's Phineas Taylor Barnum. There is real value in the interesting authentic biographical relation to the theatre's history of the past quarter-century. But aside from that the producers have built a logical, glorious musical comedy pageant that is brilliant with gay, captivating music and songs, specialties and dance, all staged, and excellently performed, in the lavishness with which Ziegfeld surrounded his very life and lifework.

Too, it is a vivid reminder of the many contributions made by "The Great Glorifier" to the American musical comedy stage in the personalities of Anna Held, Billie Burke, Fanny Brice, Eddie Cantor, Ray Bolger, et al. Success after success follows in the cinematic parade that shows the interludes of first one Ziegfeld star, then another.

Through all of the exciting grandeur and glamor there is a sympathetic treatment accorded his flair for showmanship and the dramatic, romantic, at times humorous story of "Ziggy," the man, is traced from the day when, young, ambitious and with a bag full of tricks, he started his career in his native Chicago, at the World's Fair of '93, by exhibiting Sandow, "the Strongest Man in the World."

A Message to Garcia

PHILOSOPHER ELBERT HUBBARD'S brief essay on getting a job done whatever the difficulties has served variously since his death on the Titanic as the inspiration for many an American business man. In scenario, however, it evidently inspired nothing more than a melodramtic story of unimpressive adventure in the period of the Spanish-American War of 1898, with a good deal of careless writing and direction.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Books

Philosopher and Builder

My Life in Architecture, by Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

IN REGARD to his attitude toward architecture this reviewer must confess to a complete ignorance of its technique. But he hopes (at least) that he might claim emotional kinship with, let us say, those unlettered folk in medieval times who vaguely adumbrated the elements which generated for them that restful satisfaction of the senses that they found in living with the Gothic cathedrals that rose in their midst. For him, then, Mr. Cram's account of his long and brilliant career as a worthy descendant of a great line has a special charm and interest; all the more because of the times in which we live, for his book, explicitly and implicitly, is a biting criticism of those times, in which criticism this reviewer enthusiastically agrees.

Cram was a fortunate youth in that a keen esthetic sense combined with a reasonable measure of *res angusta domi* enable him to reap a full harvest of real education from his *wanderjahre* in Europe in the most receptive years of his life. There is nothing which conduces more to education of this sort than a light purse; just as in the case of a man working his way through college. Moreover, it was at sixteen years of age that he went to work as an apprentice in the architectural office of Roch and Tilden, so that his development was untrammeled by the restraints of formal university curricula. This reviewer is bold enough to assert that in cases such as Cram's this was the best that could have happened.

It was a good time to be young. The eighties were rich in personalities. It was the hour before sunset of the great Victorian day, and Cram was lucky in his companions at home and in the great figures abroad with whom he felt instinctive kinship. Particularly significant is his singling out for special mention Louise Imogen Guiney, of whom he says that she was "the most vital and creative personal influence in the lives of all of us who gathered at this time." Nothing could better attest the spirit in which he then confronted life than the fact that this "dear Irish genius," as he calls her, was a sort of guiding star for him and for his friends in their most impressionable days. "Her evocative and impelling spirit seemed always to hang over us both as inspiration and criticism." It seems to this reviewer that we have in this most fortunate of friendships perhaps the beginning of all that followed in Cram's intellectual and artistic development. At seventy years he is still fired by her glorious poem, "The Knight Errant," in which she has for ever caught the heart of Christian chivalry. *La vida por la honra: la honra por el alma*—"My life for my honor: my honor for my soul"—was the motto of the Spanish Hidalgo. Perhaps one of the sharpest criticisms that can be offered of present times is that they find this incomprehensible.

The last two chapters of the book contain the summing up of Cram's philosophy. In a word, it is a clear

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recognition of a gigantic collapse due to a gigantic apostasy from truth in the three R's—Renaissance, Reform and Revolution. Here is his judgment on the age:

"Human society has become bloated into the wrong shape. Mass production and mob psychology: technocracy and the tyranny of the machine: philosophical fantasies out of the nineteenth century and weird religion out of this, have had issue in the dominance of quantitative standards over qualitative and the fabrication of a scheme of life and living that is ugly, arid and divorced from the human scale. In this physical and spiritual environment man cannot live either happily or fruitfully, nor can he love beauty, comprehend it or create it. Next to our own in point of time is the epoch of the Middle Ages, and here lies the pattern of our future, the model of the new life that is to come and that we are to make, or at least establish with deep foundations. There in spite of those failures, defects, evils, that are inseparable from the ways and works of man, may be found the social, economic, industrial, political, artistic, philosophical models to which we must return—not for copying, not to the end of archeological restoration, which would be both futile and fatal, but for inspiration and guidance toward something better than the estate we have foolishly, but with good intent, made for ourselves during the past four centuries. To the human scale that then so wholesomely obtained we are bound to return."

Werner Sombart speaking for economics, Salvador de Madariaga for politics, Maritain and Gilson for metaphysics, Cram (and many others) for art, the Church for religion and morals, and Chesterton for all these things, all impeach the age in the same terms. And this reviewer will ask, if "art is a result and not a product" (as Cram says), of what are we to consider the present flood of ugliness, banality, formlessness and obscenity the result? If this be "obscurantist and reactionary"—make the most of it.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Medieval Logician

The Logic of William of Ockham, by Ernest Moody. New York: Sheed and Ward. $3.50.

THIS monograph is a model of method in medieval philosophical research. Mr. Moody has made a scholarly contribution to the literature of the subject. He has also given further convincing proof that research work in the field of medieval philosophy can be successfully done in America.

The problem which confronted the author of this book was, first, to find out what William of Ockham taught concerning the science or art of logic and, then, to set forth for the information of others what he had himself discovered. Inevitably this exposition and analysis would involve an interpretation—not an arbitrary judgment but an effort to understand and state the meaning of the texts themselves—and would naturally lead to an estimate by the author of the significance of Ockham's logic in the history of thought.

With this problem in view, Mr. Moody proceeded to

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read all that Ockham wrote and to give his readers an account of what he had read, commenting as he went along on the meaning of Ockham's teaching and suggesting how, in his opinion, that doctrine should be historically regarded. This would seem to be the obvious way of discovering, expounding and interpreting the mind of a great thinker. Nevertheless, the obvious is so generally missed that it is almost a mark of genius to be able to see it.

It was particularly difficult to apply this method in the case of William of Ockham because of the inaccessibility of his writings. With few exceptions, the works of Ockham are available only in rare fifteenth- and sixteenth-century editions. The copious quotations which Mr. Moody gives (in the original Latin) in his many and valuable footnotes will, therefore, prove of great assistance to students of Ockham who have not access to the early editions of his works.

The plan of this study is clear, simple, logical and adequate. After a first, introductory, chaper in which are given the author's opinion of the historical position of Ockham in the history of medieval thought in contrast with the usual opinion current among historians of the philosophy of the Middle Ages, a brief sketch of the life of Ockham, an account of his literary activity and a statement of the method followed in this research, Mr. Moody devotes the second chapter to the question of the nature of logic, according to Ockham's view, and an analysis of his treatment of the logic of terms. Thence follows quite naturally, a discussion of Ockham's position on the problem of universals and his stand against the Porphyrian logic, presented under the guise of an interpretation of Porphyry's treatise on the predicables (Chapter Three). Then come Ockham's interpretation of the Categories of Aristotle and his treatment of the forms of complex signification, demonstration and definition (Chapters Four and Five). The sixth and last chapter deals with Ockham's teaching on science, opinion and inference and concludes with a statement and discussion of the author's opinion on the historical significance of Ockham's logic.

An excellent bibliography of Ockham's works, secondary sources and other references is appended and two useful indexes, an index of names and a subject index, conclude the volume.

I regret to note that the important article on Nominalisme, by Vigneau, and the articles on Occam, by Vigneau and Amann, in the eleventh volume of the "Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique" have not been included in the bibliography.

The fidelity with which Mr. Moody follows the text of Ockham in expounding his thought, the accuracy of his references, the fullness of his quotations where such would be helpful, and his frequent references to the opinions of other writers on this or that phase of his argument, all stamp the author of this book as a careful scholar, thorough in his research and solicitous only to discover and expound what he understands to be the true doctrine of William of Ockham and the place he occupies in the history of logic.

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A publisher does not often have the privilege of offering to the schools a book as distinguished as this one. An internationally famed scholar and a practical teacher joined to produce it. Mr. More's deep insight and wide erudition, the fruit of his devotion of fifty years to literary criticism and interpretation, have long been the inspiration of advanced students of literature, literary artists, and philosophers. But they have been inaccessible to pupils in secondary schools. In this product of their collaboration, Mr. Cowardin has unlocked Mr. More's treasures. The book presents the material with which those who wish to take college entrance examinations in English should be familiar and in so doing covers most of the field of literary criticism. ***In press***

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Despite my sincere admiration for the conscientious scholarship of the author, I am in thorough disagreement with his interpretation of the character of Ockham's logic, with his view that Ockham's achievement was to purify the traditional Aristotelianism of the Middle Ages from extraneous accretions, with his attitude on the relation of logic to metaphysics, with his judgment of the relation of Ockham's thought both to the philosophy of the seventeenth century and to earlier medieval philosophy. I especially disagree with the statement that, "among the theories criticized by Ockham it is hard to discover any that were, in the sense in which he attacked them, essential to the philosophy of Saint Thomas" (page 9). I am of opinion that Mr. Moody's own analysis of Ockham's logic reveals the exact contrary. But I should have to write at much greater length than the space allotted to this review permits were I to attempt to substantiate this statement or to give adequate reasons for my disagreement with the author on the points enumerated above.

There is still room for further research in the field of the logic of Ockham but no scholar who undertakes such research can hope for success if he ignores or fails to take due account of "The Logic of William of Ockham," by Ernest Moody.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

The Master of Milan

The Life and Times of St. Ambrose, by F. Homes Dudden. New York: Oxford University Press. $14.00.

IT IS with a genuine thrill that one first reads the story of Saint Ambrose, that sturdy Roman official whom the people insisted upon having for their bishop, much against his will. The Master of Pembroke College has now set forth that story with a wealth of detail and, on the whole, a more than usual sympathy. Numerous and never useless footnotes keep the reader in constant touch with the original sources; but the narrative is never groggy with their weight, and proceeds with a lucid calm that often reminds one of the great Canon Dixon. Perhaps the canvas, which takes in the whole Roman world of the fourth century, is somewhat too extensive to be dealt with in even two volumes. Yet it would be impossible to find fault with the author for being thus diffuse, so rich and instructive is the panorama unfolded.

There will be differences of opinion concerning this or that Ambrosian tenet. Dr. Dudden's point of view is large and liberal, as will be discernible, for example, in his treatment of the quarrel with Justina. She had requested that one of the churches in Milan be set aside for the Arians—a demand to which Saint Ambrose refused to accede. This action was, the biographer finds, justified by the fact that under the circumstances obedience to the Empress would have meant paving the way for more exacting demands. But by all odds the best testimonial to the fairness and objectivity of the author is the section on Ambrosian theology, which is far superior to any previous treatment in English or (so far as the present reviewer knows) in any other language. The Bishop of Milan is here shown to be the noblest tributary to the stream of Augustinian thought, than which the Church has produced nothing equally fructifying.

The fourth century bears so striking a resemblance to our own, in good as well as ill, that one has a curious feeling that the chronicle might often be copied from the newspapers, with a change of names. This contemporaneousness Dr. Dudden is careful to suggest rather than to overwork. If, while reflecting on the fall of Rome, we took time to ponder also the rise of the Church in the midst of that chaos, the general advantage would be better served. These books help to evoke that salutary meditation. Dr. Dudden is, of course, an able Anglican scholar. But though a writer inside the Church of Rome might sometimes place the emphasis a little differently, he could only pray for the graces of equal competence and devotion to a task. This biography is easily one of the most important of recent contributions to church history.

PAUL CROWLEY.

The Economy of Abundance

$2500 a Year, by Mordecai Ezekiel. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE PROBLEM of poverty demands immediate solution, and with increasing urgency. Unfortunately the most widely advocated national remedies like the thirty-hour week are directly political. Americans still believe that new laws will solve whatever difficulties confront society. The author of this praiseworthy plan to assure every American family the $2,500 annual income which decent living conditions require is Economic Adviser to the Secretary of Agriculture. His preliminary discussion of the possibilities and results of considerably expanded consumption and production, which are based chiefly on the studies of the Brookings Institution, are most convincing. The better living conditions he depicts are without question most desirable.

The hitch comes, as it does with Mr. O. W. Willcox's equally laudable plans for raising agricultural productivity in "overpopulated" countries, in actually getting the plans adopted. First of all the constitutional amendment to permit federal legislation for the general welfare would have to be enacted. Then the government, with the cooperation of business, workers and consumers, would draw up a series of national blueprints of increased consumption and the production needed to meet it. Individual manufacturers would then sign short-term contracts with the government to expand production and payrolls the specified amount, receiving benefit payments therefor. The difficulties involved would be tremendous, but the author relies on public opinion to fend off greatly enhanced graft and hidden excessive profits, as well as to support whatever coercive measures are necessary. If social legislation enthusiasts would only realize that in a land where so large a proportion of the population are propertyless, unorganized wage-earners and unemployed, the public have no tangible interests to defend. They will follow blindly the most fiery radio orator rather than take intelligent, concerted action for the common good.

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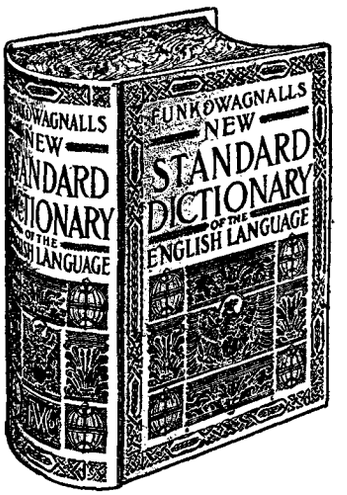

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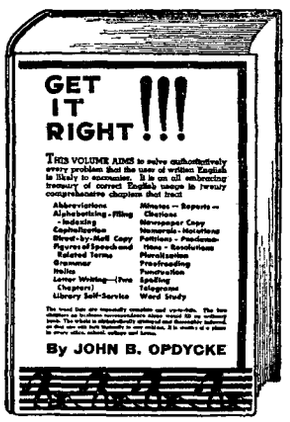

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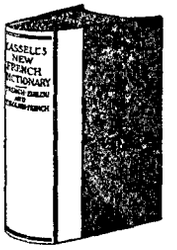

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Italian Unification

Italy in the Making: Volume II, 1846-1848, by G. F.-H. and J. Berkeley. New York: The Macmillan Company. Cambridge University Press. $6.00.

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The Spokesman Book of Verse, by Columbia College. Dubuque: Handy Press. $1.25.

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